

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

ART. I.—THE FUTURE OF MAN AND BRUTE.

1. *Modern Materialism. A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Mr. Charles Lowe.* By JOHN WEISS. New Bedford. 1852.
2. *Chapters on Mental Philosophy.* By HENRY HOLLAND, M.D., F. R. S. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1852.
3. *Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality.* By EDMUND H. SEARS. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1858.
4. *The Passions of Animals.* By EDWARD P. THOMPSON. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

MAN claims reason and immortality as belonging to himself alone among the inhabitants of the earth. The lower orders of being possess certain attributes which he calls instincts; they possess a life, which is superior, indeed, to that of the plant, but which ceases entirely with death. The animal has no future. When man looks upon the lofty works of human genius; when he surveys statues and temples; when his soul is borne heavenward on the wings of music; when it is thrilled by the fire of poetry; when he looks upon the broad civilizations which are the work of ages; when he looks within the breast of his fellow-man, or even into his own, and sees the lofty aspirations, the embracing love, the mighty intellect that inspires;—and then looks down upon the speechless and apparently unreasoning brute, he sees nothing to disturb him in this self-satisfaction. But when he looks at the lower forms of humanity, at the ignorant savage of the wilderness, at the scarcely

less ignorant and more debased products of an overwrought civilization, his pride is somewhat lessened. When he examines, on the other hand, step by step, the progressive development of lower life, and finds nowhere any break; when he examines the structure of the highest forms of brute life, and finds a caricature of himself; when he sees the skeleton of the orang-outang hanging by the side of the human skeleton, and seeming to cast towards it a grin of recognition and relationship; when he studies the more internal faculties of the higher animal, and finds there in germ the types of all or nearly all his own; — he is for the moment startled. The gulf which was infinite appears narrow, as if a leap might pass it. He feels at first somewhat like a man who, having been raised from some low estate to the midst of wealth and fashion, trembles whenever he sees one of his old neighbors and kinsfolk, fearing lest he should recognize and betray him, and the world of fashion should cast him out, and he should topple back again into the depths which he would fain forget. So man, with one hand warm in the grasp of the angels, shudders to feel upon the other the clammy fingers of the chimpanzee.

So, too, with his reasonings on the subject of immortality. He is at times bewildered to find how easily their application admits of extension. The faculties of the animal, do not they prove the presence of something immaterial, and this something, must it not then continue to exist, in a universe where there seems to be no destruction? Is the life of the animal equalized? Look at the poor horse staggering under his burden, suffering from rude and heavy blows, who has perhaps never had a moment free from pain and hunger, from the time when this burden of existence, the heaviest he has ever had to bear, was laid upon him, and never will, until he yields to the weight of this burden, and stumbles and falls into death. Is there no recompense for him, — nothing to equalize his lot?

Man looks backward upon the geologic eras. He sees each race of plants and animals imperfect, pointing to and typifying a higher. This higher comes; but it is a new race replacing the old, and not the re-formation and the development of this old. Why may it not be so in his case? These powers and capacities of his, which seemed to prophesy a higher stage of

being, which he looks upon almost as certificates pledging to him this being, why may not these also meet with their fulfilment in a new race, as distinct from his as that of the horse is from that of the ichthyosaurus?

These questions and these analogies seem at first sight to admit of but two solutions: either, so far as the revelations of nature alone are concerned, man is shut out from a personal immortality; or else he presses into it, as Noah did into the ark, with the crowds of these lower creations which he despises. He feels something as the fashionable *parvenu* who has been referred to would feel, if, invited to some princely banquet, he should go, full of self-complacency, and find there these despised connections of his, the beggars and horse-stealers, invited like himself, as if to mortify and debase him.

These are questions which are rising with more or less distinctness in many minds, and which demand a solution. They contain weapons which infidelity knows how to use, and stumbling-stones over which faith has bruised itself. Revelation, it is true, is clear enough to satisfy them so far as the immortality of man is concerned; but yet the mind gladly sees a harmony between the written and the unwritten word.

The question divides itself into two parts: the first has to do with the physical structure of man in its relation to that of the animal; and the second, with his mental and psychological structure in the same relation.

The first of these questions more fully stated is this: Why, as in the creation one race succeeded another, cannot the next step be that another race shall succeed, and supersede man? This question we can here discuss only in a very brief and general manner. All the different forms of organic life are formed upon the same general plan. All are developed alike from the minute cellule. The leaf formation of the plant furnishes a type only less general than this. The germs of the highest organisms are found in the lowest. The skull of man, for instance, may be considered as an enlargement of the vertebral column. The rudiments of the limbs are found in the bony structure of the fish. So far as our present argument is concerned, we are willing to grant all that has been claimed by the most extravagant defenders of the theory of develop-

ment. It amounts to this: the human form and organization may be typically considered as a regular development from the lower forms of life. Its germs have existed in the earliest and lowest manifestations of this life. The remark that we have to make is, that man is the highest possible point to which this development can extend. The elements which underlie all organisms cannot be united in a higher form than in man. To go higher, a new type must be constructed; this would be the giving up of the plan of creation. Thus man is not only the actual, but the ideal crown of the world.

It may be said that a horse, could he reason, would make the same claim. He would appear to himself the highest possible creation, and so would other forms of organic life to themselves. How, then, can we be certain that the claim is well founded in the case of man?

The first fact which we notice is, that while the other manifestations of life arise in groups out of groups, man stands alone. In the other instances of development, the new type is abstracted from various forms. In man there is nothing from which such an abstraction can be made. In the order Bimana, there is but one genus. In the genus *Homo*, there are varieties indeed, but only one species. Thus in man order, genus, and species have become one. He thus forms the highest and only possible climax of the world. As well repaint the perfect cone, or recap the pyramids, as carry the animal frame to a higher degree of perfection. The individuals, it is true, might become more perfect representatives of the type, but the type itself is perfect. Let us look at the matter a little more in detail. The view that has been taken is merely formal, and consequently unsatisfactory. We want to see, not only that man stands alone at the summit, but why he stands there,—to see the relation which he occupies in regard to the lower world. Animal forms are the manifestation of *life*. This, the higher manifest more perfectly than the lower. Until man appears, this is done very imperfectly. It will suffice to mention two examples of this. The self-support of an animal is, to a great degree, mechanical, and not vital. The four-fold arrangement of the legs is such, that no other effort of the will is required than is necessary to keep the knee-joint from

bending. Thus a horse can stand while sleeping. In the case of bipeds, nature has taken pains to make up for the deficiency in the quantity of supporters by the most ingenious contrivance. The knee-joint of many birds, particularly of the long-legged kind, comes together, when the leg is straitened, with a snap, and remains fixed by a sort of spring, something like an open bowie-knife. They can thus stand on them as long as they please, without weariness. Those fond of standing on one foot have a similar arrangement in the joint of the ankle. The birds that perch are equally well provided for. When they light upon a twig, the weight of the body bends the knee. This pulls upon a tendon,* which runs the length of the leg, and is connected with the flexors of the toes. These last thus close themselves over the twig, and the bird is supported by this simple mechanism. It still, however, requires some little muscular exertion to preserve the centre of gravity. When the bird wishes to sleep, it does away with the need of this, by putting its head under its wing. This brings the centre of gravity over the feet, or very nearly so.

When man stands, on the contrary, it is by an effort of will. The muscles in all parts of his body are occupied in preserving the equilibrium. Left to the laws of mere gravitation and mechanism, he would fall at once.

In all forms of life, vitality and mechanism exist side by side. Neither moment can be entirely done away with. In the standing man the moment of mechanism is at the minimum, that of vitality at the maximum. No further progress can be made therefore in this direction.

The manifestation of vitality may be considered under another aspect. In the animal, the hair, or fur, forms a secondary and parasitic outgrowth. The life of each hair is independent of the general life of the animal. Consequently, unity of life is wanting. But unity forms the essence of life. Moreover, this covering conceals the play of life, and prevents it from coming to a perfect manifestation of itself. Thus, however perfect the vitality of the animal might be, it is veiled. In man, however, this covering and concealment is done away ;

* Of the gracilis muscle.

this parasitical outgrowth in a great measure ceases. It is reduced to its minimum, and only retained where it has some useful purpose to subserve. The head, for instance, without it, would be too much exposed to the severities of sun or tempest. Thus man seems to have been masquerading in the lower forms of being. He has concealed his stature, and crawled upon the earth. He has covered himself with shaggy skin. But at length he casts these aside, and springs to his feet, and stands erect and godlike. No more complete manifestation of life could be made, therefore, than is made in man, unless the type of creation were changed. A further examination would show us how the different elements of this life have, in the perfect man, become subjected to spirit, so that this reveals itself in the face, in attitude, and in motion. Thus man is the only animal that smiles.

The examination that has been made might be carried out more minutely. We might see how the different structures of animal life find their complete solution in the human type. Thus the various degrees of formation of the hand might be considered. It might be thought, at first sight, that there might be a higher race, who should have the power of motion through the atmosphere. To this it could be replied, that there are no germs of a structure for this purpose. The human hand and arm are already developed from the wing of the bird. It might be thought that perhaps another race of greater power might succeed. But no greater power could be gained, on the present plan, without loss of symmetry. The fact, also, that man stands at the top of the pyramid, may be illustrated by the power which he has to stretch above and around him, and help out his own strength by that of nature; thus superseding the necessity, or even possibility, of improvement in that direction. We cannot conceive that a being could follow, who should have greater force than the steam-engine, or greater swiftness than the lightning.

We turn, however, from the structure of the body to that of the spirit. We find that we have left the realm of perfection, and have entered into that of germs and elements. The study of the human spirit suggests the thought of a perfected spirit, that rises above man, somewhat as man does above the lower

organizations, rather than exhibits itself in and through his present spiritual structure, as the type of the outward form does through his bodily structure. Such, for instance, are his longings for perfect knowledge, perfect goodness, and perfect beauty. Such are the glimpses of a higher life which he catches among the objects of sense that surround him. Such are the instincts which prompt him to do homage to that which his senses cannot discern, and to surround himself in thought with races of invisible beings. Such are the discontent and the longings which the happiness of the world cannot satisfy. Many of these may be considered, at least in part, as regulative principles, which control the growth of the race, and which at least in part are to be fulfilled by this growth. If we select, however, the most perfect specimens of the completed human spirit, towards which the race is ever approaching, but which it has never yet surpassed, we find these same germs still incomplete. Such, for instance, are Plato and Paul. To Plato the world was beautiful, as containing the types of a higher beauty, and life was noble, as the type of a higher life. Paul lived, looking not at the things that are seen, but at things that are not seen,—waiting for the glory that shall be revealed, desiring not to be unclothed, but to be clothed upon. Either here or elsewhere, then, either produced by the development of the present race or by the creation of a new, we feel that this spiritual type must become realized. The question that remains for us is, Are we to pass away, and to be succeeded and superseded by this higher type, or are we to become partakers of its perfection, our conscious individual being having been preserved? At first sight, the analogies of nature seem to fall in with the first view. One race rises above another, with which, so far as its individuals are concerned, it seems to have no connection. The uncouth inhabitants of the Preadamite world are forgotten by the more gracefully proportioned dwellers of the new world. They are indeed unknown, until we penetrate the dark depths of the earth's surface, or untrodden wastes, and start and tremble at the huge proportions of the races that preceded us. So also is it with the present inhabitants of the world. Each draws out its own life, and moves in its own circle, without regard to the others, without memory

of life in a lower, or longing for one in a higher sphere. It becomes necessary to examine more precisely the relation between the mental structure, the souls, of the lower animals, and that of man, to see if we find a reason for supposing man to have with the stage of being above him a connection different from that in which these lower orders stand to himself.

On a careful examination of the mental phenomena displayed in what we call the irrational world, we should find the germs of nearly all, if not all, the faculties possessed by man. Whether animals reason or not, is a question that has often been discussed. Unless it becomes a mere question of terms,—unless we insist that the term *instinct* should be applied to the acts of animals,—the question must be decided in the affirmative. Instances of what can be called nothing else than reason are familiar to all. To develop the subject fully would require an investigation into the nature of reasoning which a work on logic would alone be sufficient to introduce. The idea most naturally suggested by the word *instinct* is that of invariability. An example of this will be found in the manner in which a dog lays himself to rest. When he was in a wild state, and would lie down among the grass, it was very useful to turn himself around several times, by which he made a circular nest in the grass. This habit was implanted in him by instinct; and even now, when his circumstances have entirely changed, if he would lie down even upon a smooth rug, he commonly goes through the same process. Such are the blindness and invariability which are commonly ascribed to instinct. But even in beings considered less exalted in the scale of existence, we find this instinct adapting itself to changing circumstances. Such is the case, for instance, with the instinct of the bee.

Huber* relates, that he put a piece of honeycomb, together with some wild or bumble bees, under a glass, on a table. The comb was of such a shape, that, as soon as the bees lighted upon it, in order to brood over their young, it tipped from its place. At first they were at a loss what to do; but soon two or three of them braced themselves against it, their heads and fore feet resting upon the table, and their bodies inclined upward, their

* See Kirby and Spence's Entomology, p. 214; also, p. 558.

hind feet clinging to the comb. These were in turn relieved by their companions, and the process continued until sufficient wax had been formed to fasten it in its place. Now this was a condition of things that is not liable to occur once in a century, if indeed it ever did occur previously. Are we to suppose that all this was done mechanically? that Nature had implanted within them a *particular* impulse, designed to meet this precise crisis, so that the act produced was like the sound given when a key is touched which had never before been discovered? If so, what a vast number of such instincts and impulses must be bound up in the nature of these little animals, which have never yet been called into exercise! That the lower animals possess memory, there is no doubt. This in itself implies an identity in the principle of life, in the midst of the changes which the bodily system is constantly undergoing. A classic example of this would be the dog of Ulysses, in which we see this identity retained during all the years of the Trojan war. Granting that this incident cannot, as the veracious history of a dog named Argus, still be relied upon, similar ones, though less exaggerated, are familiar to all.

We must acknowledge a certain degree of permanence in the mental structure of animals, whatever this may be. It may be asserted, indeed, that this permanence is merely the reconstruction of the brain, upon the old type, by which all the impressions made upon the old are retained; just as the features, or even scars upon the body, are retained through all its changes of absorption and reproduction. As the same argument, however, might be used in reasoning in regard to the human memory, and all that is connected with it, we need not consider it here, where our object is merely a comparison between men and brutes. Granting this permanence then, of this intellectual nature, we have next to study its extent. We shall find in it, in the first place, the analytic and synthetic elements of reasoning, and the creative power of the imagination.

Reasoning consists in the discovery of the relations between the universal, the particular, and the individual. This implies, of course, the separation of the particular from the universal, and then the reconnection of them in the same or in new combinations. It might be interesting, had we space, to study, so

far as is possible, the degree of analysis to which the different orders of creation attain. An insect, a fly for instance, we may conceive to look upon the world as made up of three great divisions. These are members of its own race, which it distinguishes at least to a certain extent; bodies at rest; and bodies in motion. By the second, it can remain without fear. In them it distinguishes bodies of a sapid nature, which may serve it for food, and those which may serve it for shelter, from those to which it stands in no relation. From objects of the third class it flees. Such is, so far as we have any evidence, the world of the fly. We need not suppose, however, that the distinctions are made by it thus generally. We may suppose that each moving object excites, independently, its instinct of flight; that wherever its constantly experimenting proboscis finds what it can appropriate, it partakes of it. Thus the plant absorbs what is fitting for itself, and neglects everything beside; its radicles are sent out wherever nourishment is to be obtained, its roots travelling often a long distance to reach moisture; but all this without any consciously directing will. When we ascend to the dog, for instance, we find that his world is already quite extensively classified, and individualized. He distinguishes between different species of animals. The cat, the cow, the horse, and the man are treated in a very different way by him. He distinguishes also between strangers and friends. Other objects also are separated by him into classes and individuals. We do not assert that these divisions are made with the full consciousness with which they are made by us. It may be that certain feelings, natural or acquired, are excited by the presence of the different individuals as they present themselves. The association of feeling with objects leads us, however, to the second division of our inquiry, namely, that which includes the connection of the individual with the universal.

One form of the universal in its relation with the particular and individual is seen in that of the cause to the effect. It is in this relation that the reasoning powers of the lower animals are most obvious. This reasoning consists of two sorts. The first is that from the effect backward to the cause; the second is from the cause forward to the effect. Examples of the first

kind are seen in the manner in which an animal comes to the knowledge of the existence or presence of any object by some external mark. Thus, from a scratching on the wall, a cat assumes the presence of a mouse. It may sometimes be deceived, for the sound may be counterfeited. More infallible are the results to which animals arrive by the scent. Thus the hound traces out his master or game. Examples of the other kind of reasoning are more common and obvious. A dog always expects similar results from similar causes. If he be burnt, he shuns afterwards the fire. If he have been whipped once or twice for an action, he will expect the whipping to result ever afterwards from a like act, and will slink away from his master with drooping tail and ears. He seems thus to have the knowledge of the uniformity of nature, the great law of sameness which governs all things, by which cause and effect are bound together in unbroken succession. We would not certainly assert a conscious process of reasoning in these cases. It is perhaps merely by a principle of association, that the approach to the fire recalls the memory of past pain,—that a certain sound or scent excites the image of his master. All that is asserted is, that we have here the germ of reasoning. What a process must be gone through, for instance, before any facility can be attained of determining the position of any object in space by sound or color. This is not altogether innate in the animal, as it is not in man. Thus a dog settles pretty well the locality of objects which he can reach by running or leaping. But of that of objects beyond his reach he has no definite conception. He will bay the moon by the hour together, as if it were within hearing, and almost within reach.

Still more striking is that process of reasoning by which the animal calculates effects from causes which are to be set in motion by itself. Were it our intention to make a collection of anecdotes, instead of a mere discussion of principles, we might bring together almost innumerable instances of this sort. But they would serve little to our present purpose. The least striking among them all would be sufficient, since we are seeking only for the germs of faculties. If more are wanted, almost every one has some favorite dog or cat, or horse even, whose biography can supply them. The common feat in which so

many cats are skilled, that of springing up and opening a door through which they would pass, contains all we wish. This is an exploit which lies outside of the original cat life. It shows a knowledge that the room which it would enter is in its neighborhood; that the door is the medium of entering it; that the latch is the medium for opening the door; that a pressure is the medium for moving the latch; that a spring is the medium by which the pressure is to be effected. Still more humanly precocious and striking are some animals of the same class, who have a way of knocking at the door by which they would enter, and of walking in, after it is opened, with an air as demure "as if they were folks." La Fontaine discusses all this very prettily in his letter to Madame de la Sabliere. After one and another pretty anecdote, such as that of the rat who makes himself a carriage in which the other rat shall drag the stolen egg, he says:

"Qu'on m'aïlle soutenir, après un tel récit,
Que les bêtes n'ont point d'esprit!
Pour moi, si j'en étais le maître
Je leur en donnerais aussi bien qu'aux enfants.
Ceux-ci pensent-ils pas dès leurs plus jeunes ans?
Quelqu'un peut donc penser ne se pouvant connaître.
Par un exemple tout égal,
J'attribuerais à l'animal,
Non point une raison selon notre manière,
Mais beaucoup plus aussi qu'un aveugle ressort."

The faculty of the imagination is the one which we are in the habit of opposing to the reasoning powers, and is that which we should be, perhaps, the least disposed to attribute to the lower creation. Imagination is of three sorts. The first consists in the recalling of what has been already seen; the second, in combining this in new forms; the third, in the creation of new forms more or less distinct, which in part involve what is already known to us, and in part are shadowy and vague, outside of our experience, which we believe in, rather than discern. These may become elevated, when the imagination yields to the reason, or when it forms its creations after an ideal suggested by itself. In these three forms are involved, however, the germs of the loftiest imagination.

We think that an examination will show us all these forms

existing and active in some forms of the brute creation. Of the first we have an example in the cat, who sits before a door waiting for an opportunity to pass. It knows what lies behind it. Its imagination presents to it a picture of the room, of the blazing fire, of the warm rug. We see it also in the dreams of animals, if they do dream. The sleeping dog moves his feet sometimes, as if running; it starts up and barks, as if it had its game in full career before it; awakened by its own noise, it looks round an instant strangely upon the world, so different from that in which it thought itself, assumes something of the mortified air which we show after making like displays, and then settles down to sleep again. We will not deny, however, that these starts may perhaps be the effects of merely nervous excitation.

Of the second class we have an example in the animal's adaptation of itself to changing scenes and circumstances. It is, however, so much involved in the third class, that we need not give it a special consideration. This third species of imagination is that which we should least of all expect to find even in germ in the brute creation. It is that by which we surround ourselves with a supernatural world. We create by it shadows that haunt us, spectres that chase us from our rest. It is the source of the tribes of goblins, of ghosts, of fairies. It is that by which Ossian conjured from the clouds and the mountains the gigantic forms that loom up through his misty songs. We shall have to admit, however, that at least the horse shares with us this faculty, if he does not even surpass us in it. Tradition has long ascribed to the horse a greater quickness and facility in the perception of supernatural appearances than that which is possessed by man. We read of horses that start and draw back wildly, while their riders perceive as yet nothing to excite terror. Much of the superstitious fear that is, or has been, in the world, has its source in the fancies suggested by some outward object, that is seen indistinctly. The mind creates from it an image of something wild and unearthly. The very fact of such a creation shows that the imagination has power to outrun the limitations of sense by which it is surrounded, and create for itself a world, of which it has in these only the germ or the suggestion. It is in this faculty

that the horse surpasses his rider in quickness of impression, though not perhaps in the perfection and detail of the creation. How a horse will start, and seem filled with terror, at the sight of some unaccustomed or shadowy form by the road-side! It may be a stump, somewhat fantastically shaped. If the horse knew it were a stump, he would pass it quietly, as he would any other stump. If he took it for any other object with which he is familiar, as a man or an ordinary beast, it would affect him no more than any other man or beast. It stands before him as something unknown. That he gives to it any definite form, or ascribes to it any definite power, is not pretended. The fact, however, that it startles him, as something new and not understood, proves that he recognizes, however dimly, the world of the unknown; that his imagination has power to extend beyond the familiar and the commonplace, and to suggest, if not to create, a vague world lying about him, terrible in its vagueness, by wanderers from which he is continually haunted. Something of this sort is the rage and horror expressed, for instance, by cows at the sight or the smell of blood. They toss the earth into the air, and trample it under their feet? What can be the cause of this but the mystery of life and death dimly suggested to them by the imagination? This is very plainly manifested in a method sometimes resorted to for the taming of horses. The animal is grasped by the throat, till life is almost extinct. It is held over the abyss of death and then drawn back. It comes back trembling and subdued. Its will is broken forever. It has somehow been brought into contact with the dark and terrible mystery of its being. It does not understand it, but its free elasticity and fire are lost. The world is disenchanted. We here verge, however, upon what would be more appropriately considered under the second division of the subject, namely, the sensibilities and emotions of the animal.

A study of these will show us that the germs of nearly all those possessed by men are to be found in the animal. We may divide, generally, the emotions into three classes. The first contains those which relate to mere outward objects. Such are terror, desire, and the like. The second contains those which relate to *being*, as love and hate. The third contains

those in which the outward and inward are mingled. Such are the æsthetic emotions. The first class, including, as it does, the emotions called animal, needs no discussion here. The second needs to be brought more distinctly before the mind. Love may be of three sorts. It may be that of relationship, such as the parental, &c. It may be of race, which arrives at its highest point in that between the sexes. Or it may extend beyond all such limitations, and become thus freer and higher. No instances need be brought to prove the parental love of animals. This commonly ceases with the dependence of the young upon the parental care, though sometimes it extends much longer. Other forms of love depending upon kindred do not, to our knowledge, exist among the animals. The love of race, or the individuals of it, has its germ in the drawing together of gregarious animals. It extends often to a much higher degree of development. Instances of this sort are not uncommon. Of faithful and affectionate married life among the animals, we have an example in that of the lion and his mate. This affection becomes, however, more striking, when it is extended beyond the limits of race. The attachment of a dog to his master is of this nature. This seems often independent of bodily pleasures and necessities. The dog of the beggar will not forsake his master, in his hunger and poverty, for the sake of the most dainty fare. Within this class, namely, the emotions caused by *being*, may be cited the general relation which man occupies in regard to the lower orders of the creation. They tremble at his voice and quail before his glance. His presence seems thus to have something of the same effect upon them, which that of a superior being would have upon him. This becomes more striking when it is united with personal affection. Such is the case in the example just referred to, that of the connection between the dog and his master. The being of the animal seems, sometimes, almost lost in that of the man. The will of the master seems to act through the dog, almost without assistance. A good watch-dog will starve rather than forsake a trust that has been confided to him. Instances are related, where a dog has died upon the grave of his master. These attachments, however, exist often between animals of different races. A cat and a

dog have sometimes an almost romantic attachment for one another. One dog of our acquaintance had been on very ill terms with a cat; at last, her leg was broken, and the dog constituted himself her friend and protector. Some instances of the kind seem to display the greatest caprice. Thus a friend tells us of a hen who became devotedly attached to a lame ox. Wherever the ox went, there went the hen, scratching and pecking, as if she had been with her natural companions. Sometimes the ox would playfully shake his head at her, ox-fashion; but whether he reciprocated the attachment is not known. Sometimes these strange friendships lead an animal into situations to which it is disinclined. Of this nature was the attachment of a sheep to a cow. The cow was brought from one island to another, where the sheep resided. The sheep became her inseparable companion. This did not, however, console the cow for her lost home. She undertook to swim back to it; the sheep followed. Some workmen on a mill-dam saw the cow in time to save her from being swept through the floodgate. They did not see the little head of the sheep till it was too late. The blindness of such attachments is illustrated, in this case, by the fact that this cow was not the first object of the sheep's devotion. She replaced another cow on the same island, to which the sheep had first opened its heart. Perhaps it was the memory of its former loss which made the poor sheep so heroic and fearless, when it found that it was likely to sustain a second. A less tragic case is that of a pig, who, in spite of his natural dread of water, was in the habit of swimming with much grunting and squealing after a boat, in which two children were in the habit of going after the cows, taking a cosset lamb with them. The pig did it merely for the sake of good company; he evidently wanted to be cosset too. But we must here close our own floodgates, or we shall deluge our readers with stories of pigs who replaced the natural offspring of cows, in the parental affection as well as in the more outward relation; and of unromantic hens and more unromantic work-horses, who died of grief when separated from their mates, so had their lives become woven into one.

Such incidents as have been referred to are, however, of more importance than they may, at first sight, appear. They

show the animals recognizing the common life under its most diverse forms. We feel that life is everywhere the same; that these different shapes are only outward masks; and that it recognizes itself behind them all, and tends everywhere to rush together and become one. To this class of feelings may be added a dislike, and almost hatred, cherished by some animals to certain persons, and the love of power over others which is sometimes seen. Thus, when cattle are brought together, there occurs often a contest for the superiority. After this is once settled, an etiquette prevails as strict as that at any court.

The æsthetic capacities of the lower animals are very slight. We find the germ of them, however, in the enjoyment of music manifested by some animals. That horses and other animals can be trained to keep time to music is familiar to all. This is all the decisive evidence, known to us, of the existence of these capacities in the brute creation. An example has occurred within our own knowledge, that may possibly have some bearing in this direction. It is that of a captive eagle, who was fierce and intractable, and would suffer no one to go near it save a bright little girl, whom it suffered to ride on its back, and to tease it at pleasure.

That the animals, in the *third* place, have wills, must be admitted by every donkey-driver. Whether they are free or not, may be asked, with more hope of a satisfactory answer, when the same great metaphysical problem has been settled in the case of men.

We have thus passed in review, very hastily, the principal capacities and mental powers of the lower orders of animals, under the general heads of the intellect, the emotions, and the will. It has not been our object to make a selection of marvellous stories; but to appeal to those facts which are familiar to all. The question that meets us here is, What is the great difference between man and these animals so far as mental powers are concerned, save in degree? If these qualities have their source, with man, in an immortal principle, why not with the beast also? If they have their source with the beast independently of such a principle, why not in man?

The great fact which we have to oppose to all such mingling, is that of self-consciousness. This is that by which the animal

soul becomes *spirit*. To this self-consciousness the animal does not arrive. It has emotions, impulses and repulsions, pains and pleasures. But it does not separate itself consciously from the world in which it exists. It has no strictly inner life. Every change of feeling takes at once the form of an outward change, either in place or position. As it has no knowledge of the general law of birth and death, it knows nothing of the world which has existed, and will exist, ages without it. No man, says Hegel, comes to the full consciousness of life, till he has been brought consciously face to face with death; for not till then does he realize the fact that the world stands over against him, independent of him. But while the animal cannot separate itself from the world, far less does it attain to the sense of the unity which exists between the two. It does not separate itself from itself, make itself an object to itself, and of course cannot arrive at the solution of this separation. It does not have its nature divided within itself, by the consciousness of sin, and of course cannot attain, by this dialectic process, to the highest unity of its being. These steps constitute the method by which man arrives at perfect self-consciousness and personality.

Language is the expression, by its very existence, of the beginning of this process, and by its changes gives token of its progress. Every word is a generalization; not a mere unconscious one, which moves the individual by a process, renewed on every occasion, and in which the universal is not consciously separated from the particular; it is a conscious generalization, and the expression of it in a permanent word shows that the subject regards it as something over against his own personality. Thus we have the subject consciously withdrawing himself from the object. In like manner, the fact that we have words for our emotions, implies that a division has taken place within the subject himself. He stands aloof from himself, and contemplates himself as something independent. A cry of rage or pain is, in general, the utterance of the whole being. It is forced directly from the subject of it. The expression of a desire, or of an emotion, in words, implies to a certain degree one's superiority to it. This is certainly the case, until by constant habit words have become the direct ex-

pression of the emotion, like the cry of an animal. It is well known, for instance, how sorrow is often lightened by being expressed in words. This does not result merely from sympathy. By this very form of expression, the sorrow has been separated from the being of the speaker; language has given it, to a certain degree, an independent existence. The sufferer can contemplate it, and almost fancy it belongs to another.

It is interesting to notice, in children, the period when this separation first takes place. It is when the child begins to talk, and while it still speaks of itself in the third person. It does not, in general, say, "I want this, or that"; but, "Johnny want this or that." The nurse does not address it, in general, by the pronoun, "You," but by its own name, in the third person. This implies that the child has a separation within itself. It looks upon its feelings and its wants as something distinct from its personality. The first intelligent use of the pronoun "I," shows that this breach has been overcome. The child has attained to conscious personality.

Still, however, there remains a more profound division to be made, a more terrible conflict to be gone through, before the highest personality can be reached. The individual becomes conscious of a twofold nature within him; of a division not merely of contemplation, but of opposition. There is the ideal, lofty and pure, and the real, debased and imperfect; there is the will, determining for the right, and the life, following the wrong; in a word, the divine and the absolute comes into collision with the individual and the selfish. This breach of sin, this internal warfare, constitutes the most important moment in the development of the personality. The individual finds his actual life and being separate from and in opposition to his true life and being; he consciously forsakes the first, and assumes the second; he gives up his individual life, and consciously surrenders himself to and becomes a part of the absolute life. This conscious assumption of his true being introduces him to the highest and most perfect self-consciousness, so far as his individual nature is concerned, and forms a necessary moment in his development.

We have seen that the first division, which takes place in the development of the personality, is that between the individual

and the outward world. In the most complete development of this personality, this breach must become healed. This is the problem of the reason. It does not rest until it has discovered the law which works through all things, and finds that it is the same that is acting within itself; that the same reason is at work without as within it. The world becomes thus sublimated into thought. The practical reason is at the same time at work, imposing its own laws upon the outward world; that is raising all things to the perfection of its own ideal. Neither of these processes has even a beginning in the brute creation. The only analogon is seen in the fact,* that the animal by eating manifests the identity between its own nature and that of the outward world, destroys the apparent opposition of this last, and makes the identity not only potential, but actual and manifest. This, however, is performed without full consciousness of what is implied by the process, and, if otherwise, would rather reduce the animal to the level of the material than the reverse.

We have thus examined the threefold breach, which, with its solution, forms the process of the perfect development of a self-conscious personality. The first is that between the individual and the outer world, by which the subject places himself over against the object. The second is that within the individual himself, by which he makes himself objective to himself, and is at once subject and object. The third is that by which the two natures of the individual, or the two poles of his nature, come into actual collision, as in the consciousness of sin. Each of these constitutes a personality, though this arrives at its complete development only by means of all. The human individual passes through at least one of these stages, commonly, to a certain extent, through all of them. While, on the other hand, we find the germs of all or nearly all the other human faculties in the brute, we find no trace of this personality. Let us apply these results to the question of immortality. We will admit that the soul of the animal manifests itself through all the powers and capacities which we have been studying. We will admit, too, that soul is by its very nature imperishable, and thus does not become destroyed with the perishing

* See Hegel's *Phänomenologie des Geistes*, and other works, where this thought is often repeated.

body. What results then? Not certainly a personal immortality; for the animal has not attained to personality. Whether it fall back, and become absorbed into the general life of things; or whether, by the pulsations of the central heart, it be impelled upward to higher spheres,—it cannot take with it that conscious personality which it has never possessed. While, on the other hand, man, in whom soul has become spirit, which spirit is a self-conscious personality, holding itself aloof from the world without it, and from its own material bonds, when this becomes separated from these material connections, will remain, as we might reasonably suppose, the same self-conscious personality that he was before.

We see thus how man stands at the summit of the creation. The world has had its use for him. The life of nature—which works blindly in the inanimate creation and in the world of vegetable life, which has become soul in the animal, carrying through the most difficult and delicate operations by an unerring instinct, drifting to and fro, drawn by desire or by love, repelled by fear or hate, yet never gathering itself up within itself, nor separating itself from the world in which it moves—has become in man a separate, self-conscious, individual personality, ready, when it is set free, to rise to higher regions of purely spiritual activity. We may compare this process to the gradual separation of the foetal and embryonic life from that life with which it was at first identified, and its gradual rounding of itself into an independent existence. Such a process is the creation and the development of the lower life.

Man is the formed and separate being, which still lies, however, like a new-born child, upon the breast of his mother earth, and draws from thence his sustenance. A universe of activity, of struggle, and of joy stretches around him. He hardly dreams of its nearness or its reality. Its shapes pass about him, but they seem like visions half seen. He shrinks from them, and clings closer to that which seems alone real to him. But its atmosphere is already pervading his being. His limbs are already strengthening themselves for free and independent activity. The hour of separation is drawing near. Nay, the process of life is itself this separation; weary and painful it may be, but the necessary preparation for the glad and free life of an independent being.

ART. II. — THE GROWING AND PERPETUAL INFLUENCE OF
SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements considered. By JOHN, LORD CAMPBELL, LL. D., F. R. S. E., in a Letter to J. Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WHETHER Shakespeare did or did not study law, is of interest only as every inquiry is which concerns the personal existence of a poet who has fully revealed man, and entirely concealed himself. Shakespeare is, indeed, as to his individuality, THE GREAT UNKNOWN; so, instead of knowledge, we strive after hints, conjectures, guesses, and we are excited if any one of them serves even as an illusive link by which we can connect our common life with his. So it is that association with the mighty confers dignity on trifles. When, therefore, we ridicule contemporary gossip about the peculiarities of distinguished characters, we are ridiculing by anticipation matters that ere long will be invaluable for biography. What an amount of interest there is in that short letter of Cicero's, in which he describes how Cæsar dined with him; how "he ate and drank without reserve; sumptuously, indeed, and with due preparation"; and not only that, "but with good conversation, well digested and seasoned, and, if you ask, cheerfully"; how the guest was not one to whom you would say, "Pray come to me in the same manner when you return"; how "once was enough"; how "there was nothing of importance in the conversation, but a great deal of liberal learning"; how, "in short, he was highly pleased, and enjoyed himself." Thus we find that "the man who kept the world in awe" ate, and drank, and talked as any other cultivated gentleman would; and the community of nature between him and us, which the majesty of his genius seemed to destroy, the dinner-table thoroughly restores. Nor is the interest lessened by the recollection that, even then, the dagger was nearly ready for Cæsar's imperial heart. In the same way, we long for particulars which would put aside the majesty of Shakespeare's genius, and open an entrance for us to his individual humanity. We would like even to learn

surely that he had been a lawyer's clerk, in order to see him in some prosaic relation to life, which would make him our familiar and our companion. But all Lord Campbell's acute investigation does not give us such assurance. In the intermediate details of the argument, his Lordship is confident and emphatic; but a sceptic he begins, and a sceptic he ends, although in the course of the discussion leaning to the positive. The whole argument — leaving out the illustrative quotations and the comments on them — may be stated in small compass. Shakespeare constantly uses law phrases and terms. He does this, not as with any conscious preparation, but with a spontaneous freedom, which, by the evident absence of design, shows intimate mental familiarity with legal habits. His frequent use of legal phraseology is not in the manner of such casual analogy as any intelligent person might be equal to; it is with a subtile and scientific discrimination, in which even practised lawyers might commit mistakes. All this seems to imply actual experience in the business working of the law. In addition to the whole, a contemporary called him, in derision, by the nickname of "*Noverint*," intending, it is said, to stigmatize him as an attorney's hack. After laying the fullest stress allowable on these indications, Lord Campbell suggests various possible explanations, and considers the case as still undecided. We venture, in addition, two or three unprofessional remarks.

Stratford contained fifteen hundred inhabitants, and seven attorneys. It would therefore be no marvel if Shakespeare had been in some law-office, a clerk or an apprentice; but as it must have been a place where a good deal of law-business was done, it would still be no marvel if Shakespeare, without having been either a clerk or an apprentice, had picked up some of that law-lore which must have been in cheap and extensive circulation. We have known in our time an Irish village, where, by means of two families obstinately engaged in a lawsuit, the technicalities of the courts became almost as common as those of farming. If so it was, in a place miles away from attorney, barrister, or magistrate, what must it have been in a place where there was the magical circle of an official *seven*? The English have always been a people noted for

their attachment to law. Among the rude of other people, a blow is the answer to an insult; among the lower English, the answer is a threatening of the law. Amongst such, "If there's law to be had in England, I'll have it against you," is a very common and a very angry exclamation. In a country where the law had thus such popular recognition, it would be a matter of more intimate knowledge, and of closer interest, in the degree that society was uncomplicated and undeveloped. In such a social stage, people are fond of going to law; and without newspapers, books, or Parliamentary debates, law would be a constant subject of conversation, not merely in relation to events and facts, but also in relation to theories and principles. With the intellectual, especially, this would be so. In *our* stage of society, mere law is lost in the multitude of other interests and affairs; in a simpler stage, it would concentrate attention by an isolated importance. A meagre state of the body lays bare the outline of its structure; a meagre state of society also brings to sight the outline of its structure; and law is to society what the skeleton is to the body. The state of English society, when Shakespeare lived, was a meagre one; and therefore a good deal of English law might have been acquired in it by an intelligent, but unprofessional observer. One remark more, and then we quit the topic. Many of the law phrases and terms found in the writings of Shakespeare concern legitimacy, hereditary succession, high treason, and capital felonies, generally. If we consider the spirit of the times, we cannot believe that legal phraseology belonging to matters such as these, which were always present to public attention and to private thought, could be strange to any but the extremely ignorant. The title of every sovereign from Elizabeth backward to the Wars of the Roses, and beyond them, had been disputed. Argument, as well as arms, entered into such controversies. Then, too, property was mostly in land; and the rules which governed such property were feudal. As this property was constantly changing hands, the rules which governed it must have become known by continual application. Any knowledge of these rules now taxes recondite study; but that which is ordinary custom at one time, becomes matter of profound learning at another. The laws of inheritance must

have been particularly subject to such an influence; for every generation would add to their intricacy. If in that age of "treasons, conspiracies, and spoils," the technical terms were not extensively learned, it was not because of inactivity in the laws, or of neglect in the enforcement of the penalties. If people did not understand the meaning of "impeachment," "attainder," "indictment," it was from no want of teaching by repetition and example. The tribunals of all grades were always full of occupation; the block was never dry; and the gallows was never empty. Henry the Eighth beheaded and strangled his tens of thousands; Elizabeth, his daughter, did not reach beyond her thousands.

Whether Shakespeare was, therefore, ever in an attorney's office or not, is still an open question; but we think that, in his times and circumstances, he did not need to be there to have learned even more law than his writings show; and that if any man of intellect failed to acquire as much from the common habits of the period, it was not because those habits did not afford him sufficient opportunity.

But trifling and temporary as this inquiry is, it proves what a present and perpetual life the genius of Shakespeare is in our literature, since there is no incident so small that does not acquire value if it has relation to him. Amidst all social and intellectual change, transition, and decay, Shakespeare's genius is not only an unharmed life, but a life ever enlarging the dimensions of its influence. It runs in the current of our thinking, and for all that our nature struggles to express it gives us ideas and a vocabulary; it secures sympathy from all grades of mind, in the unity of a common consciousness; it awakens in them all the sense of a common humanity.

We propose to inquire what it is, in Shakespeare's genius, which accounts for its growing influence, and indicates its lasting power. To this end we shall consider his genius, in itself;—then, some points in its relation to humanity, individual and social.

In looking to Shakespeare's genius, in itself, and as a whole, it at once inspires us with the feeling of its *subjective completeness*. We think of other poets through some *one* characteristic faculty or attribute: and only in connection with such faculty

or attribute will this one or that be present to the mind. The genius of Shakespeare will not, cannot, narrow itself into this partial emphasis. The conception of Shakespeare's genius cannot be *connoted* or *denoted*: such conceptions must grasp, or try to grasp, an inward nature, that is integral and complete. Here is one poet that we recall by his imagination: it may be imagination fierce and dark; it may be imagination sportive, gladsome, bright, full of tricks, gayety, and wiles; it may be imagination grotesque, serious, superstitious, quaint, — turning men's doings into mockery, — finding in life but a comedy of oddities, and peopling all existence with spirits, goblins, and strange appearances; but, in whatever way or manner, it is still imaginative. It may have in it the soul of beauty or the soul of hideousness; the soul of goodness or the soul of evil; the soul of joy or of fear; of gentleness or of force; — it is still imagination; it will be one or other of these, according to the personality of the poet; and only in this, and his personality, do we shape our idea of his genius. There, again, is another poet who stands to us for intellect; — intellect abstract, speculative, philosophic; pondering much on the origin of things, on the nature of existence, on the destiny of MAN; — stands to us, we repeat, for intellect; for intellect, not, indeed, unideal, unimpassioned, uncolored; still, it is through the intellect intensified that the genius here considered becomes poetic, and so it is we view it. One poet we recognize as a singer and dreamer of the ideal; another, as the logician and polemic of the actual. One poet is the keen critic of manners, and looks at humanity only in society; another is an enthusiast of nature, and contemplates humanity only in solitude. Let us conceive of the most florid fancy, the most voluptuous and luxurious imagery; with this conception there is an appropriate poet associated. Conceive also of the barest landscape, of the most sordid conditions of life, of ignorance and poverty, with all their vices, their sufferings, their struggles, their toils; *that* conception, too, has its poet. Satire has poets, and so has sanctity. Passion, reckless, wild, and strong, indulging in all that can give the excitement of a pleasure or a pain, becomes at times the force of genius; then the poet whom it inspires sings out of the inspiration, and the song is

of satisfaction lost in satiety ; of anticipation closed in disappointment ; of festivity turned into mourning ; of mirth swallowed up in melancholy ; of the delights of sense changed into the vexations of the spirit, and the bitterness of remorse : the song swells into a mighty requiem, when it is not the lyric of ridicule or the malediction of discontent ; and all nature, and all history, and all life, are made to join in its acrimonious or its doleful music. Fancy, that will not have less than the infinite, which it crowds with the boldest and strangest visions, — fancy, sick with the love of beauty, and thought that spurns the limits of the possible, — these, too, must have their poet, and they have had him. He sang amidst the mountains, and looking to the stars ; he sang in elfish wood and valley ; he sang along the enchanted stream ; he sang to the chorus of the waves ; and while the singer was in his prime, the glories of nature in the mingling of wind and waves put his song to silence. Fancy in another form chooses another poet ; and he also sings a song of thought and beauty ; he sings it in melodious and pathetic tones : in its weird and dreamy music, we have murmurs of human emotion which had not hitherto been uttered ; and fantasies of mind, that with no certain shape hovered dimly through the spirit, are by the incantation conjured into vision. While the spell of the song is on us, we see the past in the living populations of legends and epics ; and nature reveals itself to us through a medium that seems an atmosphere of enchantment. Finally, while we discern one poet in the sublime, we have another in the homely ; one poet awes us with the birth of creation, another cheers us with the birth of childhood ; one soothes us with the pleasures of memory, another stimulates with the pleasures of hope ; one poet deals in description, another devotes his song to duty ; this poet sings of war, and that of peace ; at one time a poet gives his genius, in high-resounding measure, to the grand and heroic activities of life ; at another, a poet in eloquent and believing despondency concerns himself with the solemnities of the grave and the awfulness of immortality.

Now we might safely say that every form of genius presented in this rapid review may be found in the genius of Shakespeare, concentrated and condensed. But every form of

genius has in Shakespeare its due relation, and keeps it. Composed of all these several elements, the genius of Shakespeare is sufficient unto itself. As there is neither deficiency nor excess in the forces of Shakespeare's genius, so is there no disorder in their working, and no disproportion or incompactness in their product. The faculties which constitute these forces are not only great, living, of the soundest health, and of the most sustained activity, each in its own power; but also, collectively, they have the unity and the inspiration of an excellent harmony.

We have not in these remarks made any separate mention of the grand imagination which belongs to the genius of Shakespeare. We have not, because, grand though it is, it makes no singularity of impression, as distinct and aside from the totality of that genius: it permeates the whole as a living principle; as a spirit of fire, which melts the mental chaos into *material* for creative use; as a spirit of energy and skill, which shapes this *material* into the agencies and phenomena of an ideal universe. For the same reason that we have not made the Shakespearian imagination the topic of separate comment, we content ourselves with this allusion, and will not refer again, directly, to the subject.

But there is one element in the genius of Shakespeare which we will distinctively notice; it is the feminine element. This is a security, perhaps more enduring than any other, for the immortality of Shakespeare in literature. No genius that deals with human life is complete without including both the masculine and the feminine elements. One, away from the other, issues into no living product, but is doomed to die. Nor merely this: one away from the other does not unfold its own fullest nature; each, by itself, is not only barren, but stunted. The genius which includes them both, and develops both, is like those plants that have the two sexes in the same flower, in which the blossom that gives delight by its beauty gives, at the same time, the promise of coming fruit and of deathless seed. It may be said, that this will hold as well for genius in woman as in man; and that if genius in man must include the feminine element, genius in woman must include the masculine element. We grant the position; but we grant

it with a certain modification : it is this, — that, as the masculine element should predominate in the genius of man, the feminine element should predominate in the genius of woman : a contrary order is not excellent, but unnatural, — is not delightful, but disagreeable. Mere emotion and sympathy in woman, separate from sound thinking, leaves her a simpleton or a sentimentalist ; mere intellect in man, separate from sensibility and intuition, leaves him a surly Cynic or a reasoning machine : but we can hardly tell which is the more intolerable, a lachrymose man, or a logical woman. The feminine element is not only important in literature for the completeness of genius ; it is also important, because it is by that element that genius obtains the sympathy of woman : and without the sympathy of woman no literature that deals with humanity can be said to live. The literature that can last, must have common interest for man and woman ; but if it lean to either side, it should be to that of woman : for the life of woman is always nearer to nature than that of man ; her instincts and sentiments are more primitive ; her sense of sex is more vigilant and tenacious ; her thoughts are more spontaneous, rapid, and direct ; — and the whole constitutes an inward character, that maintains a wonderful unity amidst the numberless varieties of her sex, and a continued identity, which is neither lost nor obscured, throughout the manifold changes of history or the world. The literature, therefore, which not only has no feminine element, but, still worse, which has no feminine interest, wants the most vital element of humanity. If so it be with simple exclusion, what must it be with the literature which depreciates woman, scorns her, mocks her, ridicules her, and satirizes her ? The one she will neglect, the other she will detest. What woman reads Rabelais ? What woman reads Montaigne or Bayle ? What woman reads Alexander Pope or Jonathan Swift ? And with all the genius of these writers, they can hardly be said to have any *living* interest in the world. What woman reads them ? But also it may be inquired, What man ? To this question we reply, that if women read them, men would ; and if women had read them, they would not so soon have become obsolete.

The subtilty and the thoroughness with which Shake-

Shakespeare has comprehended the nature of woman, is one of the profoundest secrets of his genius. All the elemental germs of her nature seem to have been hidden in his own; and when his genius began to work, these germs unfolded themselves into all the types of woman-kind. The types so unfolded are mental mirrors, in which every representative woman may see the reflection of her class. It is not that Shakespeare dives into the depths of woman's passions; that he goes through dark mazes of her guilt, her cunning, and her crime; that he detects her concealed motives and her sinful schemes;—it is that he is equally familiar with her innocence, with her guileless love, her girlish joys, her vanities, her sports, her tricks, her waywardness and wiles,—the slightest motion that ripples the surface of her life,—and with that pathetic and prophetic story of virgin fears and of womanly hopes which she only whispers in her sleep. Thus is Shakespeare's genius interveined through all the inward life of womanhood, with a penetrating power, a discernment of spirit, a truthfulness of feeling, and a fulness of sympathy, which are almost more than natural. For this reason, Shakespeare has both enchantment and awe for the genuine woman's mind,—such a mind loves him while it fears him; and this is the highest love that woman knows. The woman—who is of any worth—does not love the trifler, or the flatterer, or the weakling: she loves the man whose strength she can admire, whose insight makes her tremble while she feels that it reads her secret thoughts, and who is of the serious integrity that will not degrade her or him by the base bribery of lying words; who is, at the same time, of the heroic and affectionate nature that moves her enthusiasm and that captivates her heart. If such a combination would be resistless to woman in the character of a man, in another way it must be as much so in the character of his genius. On these grounds, the genius of Shakespeare must be to women of soul a glory and a might, such as no genius has ever been before to woman,—such as perhaps no genius will ever be again. Some poets of modern times have wonderfully ingratiated themselves in the admiration of women: Byron, by sentiment and passion; Schiller, by delicacy, feeling, and enthusiasm; Goethe, by a sort of demonic

magic; Scott, by a natural and massive manliness; Tennyson, by a certain witchery, half earthly, half unearthly, that brings together the sensuous and the spiritual in music and beauty which have always entrancement for womanly susceptibility. But though these, at first, produce more excitement, Shakespeare has more lasting inspiration: he is, in truth, the kingly master of them all; he transcends them all, as Prospero the slavish sprites of his island, or rather as Solomon, in Eastern legends, transcends the spirits and genii of air and sea.

Turning from the subjective completeness of Shakespeare's genius in itself, we find it no less complete in its subjective action on every mind that enters into it with adequate communion. As all the powers, feelings, and passions are called into play in the processes of its creative energy, so do they bring into consciousness all the forces and susceptibilities of our inner nature. It is not that Shakespeare draws all our inner nature into consciousness, but as its several functions are harmonized in his own genius, so are the movements which his genius excites in us correspondingly harmonized. This is done, not merely by power, by truth, by reality, but by the occult sympathy of Shakespeare's genius with the whole inner humanity of the individual. As some poets are unduly active in imagination, so they unduly excite it. So they are and do, not because their imagination is positively great, but because, relatively, it is not ordered to the measure of the mind. The same may be said of intellect, of fancy, of passion, and of sensibility. The result is, that the writings of such poets leave on us, not only the impression of incompleteness, but also that of unreality; not only the impression of defect, but also that of incongruity. The true ideal is not the product of mere imagination; and much less is it the product of a disjoined and disproportioned imagination: it is the product of all the faculties in their happiest combination, and in their most inspired action; it is the embodiment or utterance, not only of genius in its rapture, but also in its wisdom. Take the embodied result of genius as example. What sobriety and unity of power in the most ideal statue, in the most saintly picture, in the sublime building, that transports us out of earth and sense,—that kills within us, while we

gaze, every thought of the utilitarian and the practical! Take genius, again, in its utterance. Where is there great eloquence that does not come from the whole mind, and the whole mind in its collective energies? Where is there high poetry, but where this also is the case? Whence the difference between the art and poetry of India, and the art and poetry of Greece? Why, that in India art and poetry are the extravagance of partial and exaggerated development; that in Greece art and poetry are the result of full development and of complete culture. Gloom and bulk belong to the buildings of India, light and grace to those of Greece: statues in India are grim, hideous idols; in Greece, they are most perfect representations of strength, beauty, and intelligence. Poetry in India is, in a great measure, the wild rhapsody of a monstrous mythology; abhorrent alike to every idea of the human and the divine, the natural and the supernatural, it is so remote from every conception of the *possible*, that even by contrast it does not suggest the *impossible*: it resembles merely the reported dreams and visions which drunken giants might have had in their nightmare sleep. Poetry in Greece is song, into which man breathes his deepest, fullest, truest nature. India has, indeed, imagination; but it is imagination sick and somnambule. Greece has yet more imagination; but it is imagination healthy and awake, — strong, too, because united with the vigor of all the other faculties. Now, who concedes the *ideal* to India? Who denies it to Greece? The most bewildering *unreality* belongs to India; the noblest *reality* belongs to Greece. But *unreality* does not always arise from the abuse or disorder of imagination; it arises as often on the practical side of life as on its imaginative. The Chinese are surely a practical people; but, beyond the routine of their habitual experience, they have neither fact, substance, nor idea. How incapable such a people are of art we know, by the horrible noise which they mistake for music: yet of all arts music is the most instinctive. Even music needs not only enthusiasm and sensibility, — which the Chinese have not, — but also it needs reason and imagination, in which they are equally deficient.

We have pursued this course of illustration to explain the ground of our common faith in the reality of Shakespeare's crea-

tions. What always appears to us as the most unreal, is that which is incongruous and inconsistent. We feel this in actual life. That a man, who has for many years had an honorable reputation, is suddenly found to be a villain, we will not believe, except upon invincible and irresistible evidence. That a man should kneel down to pray and stand up to murder, is what we should hardly credit on any proof short of our own senses; and even this proof we should be almost inclined to doubt. Now, it is the wonderful consistency and congruity with which Shakespeare's creations answer to our laws of thought, that cause us to put our faith in them. The personalities—the incarnations of character—we conceive of as most real, and yet we distinguish them from common fact. They are most transcendently ideal. But this, instead of carrying them out of the range of our communion, brings them livingly and intimately within it. Let us refer to some of the most preternatural characters of Shakespeare,—to those that may, in the purest sense, be called ideal. Prospero is as little within an earthly population, as the island of his necromancies is within the bounds of earthly geography. Yet we do verily accept him as one of our human kindred; and though we detest Caliban, yet our desire to beat him, and our satisfaction to think he has been beaten, show how mystically and livingly the poet has knit him to our humanity. The “*Midsummer Night's Dream*,” its personages and its doings, are as remote from the actual events of life, as if the scenery were placed in a distant planet; yet so full is it of human inspiration, so much of it answers to what we know and feel within ourselves, that we find a place for it in our inward life, though none it has in the outward world. The speculative Hamlet—take him as an individual—is almost as far away from the path of common men, as if he belonged to another sphere; but he too has such hold upon our common, upon our inward nature, that, in all that is most serious, thoughtful, and spiritual, the mind embraces him as a brother. The visionary Macbeth could no more belong to the actual world than the speculative Hamlet; yet he likewise has that within us which can make him real, and by our own instincts, superstitions, and desires, we feel that inwardly we are of his kindred.

It is even this sense of inward kindred that gives solemnity and terror to the ghost of Hamlet's father, that excites detestation against Lear's daughters, and that appalls us in presence of the Witches on the heath. The comic characters of Shakespeare are fully as ideal as his tragic ones; as removed from ordinary fact, and yet as true to human nature. We see them not around us, but *within* us; we recognize them; and right well we know them. No such social wit as Falstaff ever existed or ever will exist; no such warrior and orator as Ancient Pistol; no such municipal officer as Dogberry; no such glorious cheat and thief as the magnificent Autolycus;—yet these are in themselves and to us so consistent and complete, that, while they are as much creatures of imagination as Ariel and Titania, we almost expect to meet them in our daily walks; but we shall about as surely meet them there, as we shall find the sailing chart of "The Ancient Mariner," or as we shall discover the tavern-bills of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims. Thus it is that genius, subjectively complete, unites in one conception the ideal and the real; thus it is that such genius awakens the sense of them in other minds.

We will now consider the topic objectively. In the relations of Shakespeare's genius to our human life generally, we have again security for its continuance in the deathless literature of the world. There is no stage of life with which it does not concern itself; from "the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," to the "last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, in second childishness and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." There is no stage of life to which Shakespeare's genius is not true. With childhood and early youth, it does not indeed much deal; but, so far as it does deal with such a period, it does so with the instinct and intuition of nature. Full of freshest, sweetest strength and goodliness is this picture of princely boyhood:—

" O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearned ; honor untaught ;
 Civility not seen from other ; valor,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sowed."

Cymbeline, Act IV. Scene 2.

It would not have been according to the order of dramatic law, that the genius of Shakespeare should have dealt much with childhood or early youth ; for such is not the time of action ; — passion has not then intensity, and character is not yet formed, while action, passion, and character constitute the essential material of the drama. No poet has ever equalled or come near Shakespeare in the dramatic exhibition of developed youth ; no other poet has so wonderfully revealed it, whether in man or woman, with such variety, splendor, beauty, and impressiveness, alike faithful to its glory and its gloom, to the pathos of its grief and the brightness of its joys. We have it with all the personal reality of individual action, passion, and character, in all the diversities which are to ripen into mature humanity. On mature humanity, as we find it in Shakespeare, we cannot enlarge, for that would be an endless task. We will only allude to the manifold distinctness and differences of his old men : among them we have such marked individuals as Lear, Falstaff, Cardinal Beaufort, and Cardinal Wolsey. In reference to becoming old, there is a world of suggestion and of pathetic import in the dreary anticipation of Macbeth : —

" My way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not."

In contrast to this, we have the cheerful spirit of health and vigor of the worthy and aged Adam, in " *As You Like It* " : —

" Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

With as truthful insight, the genius of Shakespeare reaches the life of all classes and conditions of men ; and presents every one according to his proper manner and estate. He is equally careful to discriminate the character of men as it is influenced by their country and their time. Owing to this innate catholicity of genius, Shakespeare grows yearly into a wider fame, and may yet, by the consent of Christendom, be regarded as the supreme poet of modern civilization. All Teutonic races admit such fact already ; and, devoted as they severally are to their own national bards, they unanimously bow down to Shakespeare as the monarch-poet, the master-singer of the world. Without discord or division, nay, with enthusiastic acclamation, he is so hailed, alike by scholars and the people, through the length and breadth of Germany and Scandinavia. The Latin nations do not offer so absolute a homage ; but still they do offer homage, and homage that is neither cold nor doubtful.

Much in this growth of influence which Shakespeare's genius exercises in steady progress on the mind of the world, is, indeed, owing to his intellect and imagination ; but if we would find the most vital cause for such growth of influence, we must seek it in Shakespeare's moral nature. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" ; but the touch which makes it so is that of moral nature. In this it is that men have greatest unity in time, and, amidst the differences and contradictions of nations, governments, races, and religions, come the nearest to an agreement in judgment and to the universality of a common consent. We have grave doubts whether the moral nature is not the central inspiration by which the human species is held together in the community of an elemental spiritual life. Without such life, we doubt if the manifold divisions of mankind could have a common intelligence, could have interchangeable ideas, could have translatable languages. We can find no medium for such enlarged communion in the mere impressions of sense, the forms of

understanding, or the combinings of imagination. But whatever be the contrarieties among men, in thought or theory, in speech or imagery, in history or culture, in training, habits, manners, or beliefs, the sense of right and wrong is common to them all, and certain fundamental convictions of that sense are equally as common. The moral incongruities which objectors urge against the unity and reality of the moral nature in man have no force, except with those who examine humanity in its sharper angles, and leave unnoticed its wider spaces. The moral nature, as we have intimated, is the key to the whole of human nature; and without this key, the numberless diversities of men would be as meaningless to each other as forgotten hieroglyphics; human minds would be in a state of spiritual chaos; the confusion of Babel would not stop in the word, it would pierce to the thought; and since then the thing signified never could be reached, the substitution of one sign for another would become impossible. It is not, therefore, that whatever contains an expression of the moral nature is the most impressive, it is also the most intelligible; and sometimes it is that alone which is intelligible. Listen to a technical discourse on some science, of which you are entirely ignorant; you are made only weary and impatient; but let the speaker burst into a flash of moral enthusiasm, which reveals the use, goodness, or beauty of his doctrine to humanity,—then not only does the speech electrify your heart, it brightens your intellect, and that which before had been dark and blank is filled with light and meaning. Listen to a dry legal argument, which, not understanding, or caring to understand, leaves you only drowsy: let the pleader, however, lay aside for a moment his citations and his inferences; let him arise to the grandeur of some noble principle; let him awaken the sleeping sympathies, or call the conscience into action;—a soul of fire is put into his logic, which does not merely enkindle emotion, but illuminates intelligence. Listen to a political harangue on the merits of some party measure in which you have not the slightest interest; but while you are longing for the close, the orator, with an unexpected impulse, carries you away into generous hopes for your country or for man; or plunges you, it may be, into

solemn speculations,—on the changes of the past, on the destinies of the future: a new life is now put into him to speak,—a new life is put into you to hear. You listen to a polemical disquisition, and you wonder at the hairs which theologians split; you think of the Liliputians, and the mortal feuds which characterized the strife between their Big-endians and their Little-endians, and thus you lose yourself in your own meditations: but a sound that seems to come from the centre of man's everlasting soul startles you from your musing: the preacher has done with his scholastic trifles; he is now reasoning of righteousness, of temperance, of judgment to come, and urging on his hearers, with all the authority of eternal truth, the obligations they are under to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God. Thus is the moral nature the soul of all grand and permanent oratory; it is the living essence of all the higher eloquence; and while all that is technical, special, or merely speculative, no matter what amount of intellect it may contain, dies the death of all things temporal, that which the moral nature nobly inspires lives the life of all things immortal. The representative orators of nations—ancient or modern—have, by the moral nature, for their audience the readers and the thinkers of all cultivated ages; in this, the speaking of Demosthenes and Cicero has its undying interest; in this also the speaking of Bossuet and Mirabeau, of Lord Chatham and Edmund Burke, of Plunket and Grattan, of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, has that most human element which can longest hold the attention of posterity.

And so it is with all in letters that directly concerns the life of man: it is the moral nature that gives imperishable *soul* to the speculations of Plato, to the reasonings of Aristotle, to all the thought which enters into the choice experience of our kind, and which no change in civilized conditions ever renders obsolete; it is in the moral nature that history and biography have their deepest import,—that art has its inward being; the moral nature forms a centre wherein meet the results of remote and opposite extremes, and there reveal to us the unity of wisdom, whether in the Confucius of ancient China or in the Franklin of modern America. But of all lit-

erature the moral nature is most essential to poetry. Wanting it, poetry wants the simplest condition of its power; it wants the very reason of its existence. Having it, no poetry, however foreign, is strange to us; it is not unnatural, however wild; it is not antiquated, however old. Moral inspiration often redeems the most grotesque Hindoo legend from its extravagance, beautifies it in spite of its absurdity, and, distant as in every sense it is from our apprehension, brings it home to our intelligence and sympathy; it opens to us the heart of the Arab and the Persian, different as their idiom is from ours both in dialect and thought: there is no need to say that it is the moral nature which gives to olden poetry a perennial freshness,—as we feel in the Bible, in Homer, in Chaucer, and in all early ballads. Enrich poetry in the highest degree from all the other sources of mind, but let it in the moral element be poor, it will make no deep impression on human life; it will of consequence be no vital force in literature: and this assuredly is the poverty which has given much poetry, not deficient in mind or imagination, to neglect and to forgetfulness. The moral element is the one requisite in poetry, for the absence of which nothing besides can be compensation; because the moral element is that which is the most inseparably connected with the innate and everlasting interests of man.

Of all poets, Shakespeare is the one in whose genius the moral nature seems to have the depth and dimensions of our universal humanity. No passion, no degree of passion, no difference or mode of passion, has that genius not read into and revealed: it has noted every temptation, graduated it, specified, *individualized* it; it has searched into all sources of danger, of frailty, and of sin; as truly and as profoundly, it has knowledge of the virtues,—their manifestation in character and action, their hidden principles in sentiment and motive. No other genius has ever so entered into the souls of the guilty, and so shown us the desperation and the darkness that in them dwell; so shown us the spirit of the wicked, that is “like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, and whose waters cast up mire and dirt”; so shown us the dull misery of exhausted vice, still and dreary in its ruin, and conscious of

existence only in remorse, shame, or anguish. Neither has any poet equalled Shakespeare in the rectitude and force with which he has conceived of goodness and of worth; with which he has delineated their blessedness and beauty; with which he has presented them in personages of heroic dignity, or in personages of meek and gentle charities. Shakespeare omits nothing — on the bright side or the dark side of life — that has relation to the moral nature: thence, the suggestive meaning that lies hidden in his representations of pleasure, revelry, and mirth; thence, the solemn pathos, the tragic intensity, which his genius associates with sorrow, suffering, pain, and all the ills “that flesh is heir to.” Particularly, no poet has so well understood as Shakespeare has the trials which burden contemplative and inquiring spirits with inward struggles and with mental griefs, with troublous thinkings and uneasy doubts, with unanswerable questionings as to the problem of existence, the meaning of life and the mystery of death. As Shakespeare’s genius seems thus to have within itself the consciousness of all moral humanity, in both its essence and phenomena, in its good and evil, in its truth and error, — so is that genius rich beyond any other earthly genius in exhortation and counsel, in threatening and encouragement, in suggestions of guidance, strength, and wisdom, of remedy, or of consolation. Nor does Shakespeare ever leave out of view the Divine Author of existence, the Infinite and Holy Mind, by whose inspiration man, and man alone, has here below a moral and a reasonable life, by whose providence he is cared for, and by whose power he is sustained. The moral element in Shakespeare’s genius is not merely legal and perceptive; it is religious as well as ethical; it includes worship as well as duty: worship in mode, act, and principle; duty in its everlasting laws, in its human and divine relations, — its relations to Time and to Eternity, — to man, the universal brother, — to God, the Universal Father.

In one element of his genius or another, there may have been poets — nay, there have been poets — who equalled or excelled Shakespeare; but in the moral element of his genius, he stands alone, in a sort of inspired grandeur. No poet, no historian, no speculative thinker, no ethical writer, ever un-

derstood man in this essential and immortal portion of his being as Shakespeare did ; nay, all poets, historians, speculative thinkers, ethical writers, have not together more fully comprehended man than has Shakespeare, and more than all of them together his comprehension had sympathy and insight. The most living and complete "Moral Philosophy" in literature, is that of Shakespeare: this assertion alone affords suggestion enough for an extended disquisition, and citations by the hundred might be quoted to sustain it.

But if we separate inward nature and outward nature from each other, we can have of neither an adequate conception. For outward nature has from inward nature its interest and its meanings ; while inward nature has in outward nature the sphere of its experience, and the stimulus that awakens, that nurtures, that trains, that enriches, and that delights its faculties.

Shakespeare is not descriptive for the sake of description, and no great poet ever is. Man and his concerns are the real matter of poetry, as they are of all art. It is therefore with man and his concerns that every great poet deals. Man it is that gives interest and life to Nature ; for even as a divine revelation of God, of his goodness, and of his glory, it is to man alone that Nature speaks ; Nature shows to him alone her signs, and man alone it is that hears her voice, and that ponders on her symbols. Man it is who contemplates the heavens as the work of God's fingers, and the moon and the stars as of his ordination : *to* man and *for* man the words were spoken, "Behold the fowls of the air," — "Consider the lilies of the field." Thus it is that the presence of Divine Intelligence in the outward world is revealed in accordance with the forms of human nature ; and it is with this twofold significance, divine and human, that Shakespeare conceives of the outward world. Thence, the outward world has to him meanings endless and numberless ; thence, it becomes to him a vast vocabulary, from which he forms, as he chooses, his wonderful dialect of pictures and analogies ; the very soul of nature seems to pour itself into *his* soul, and through the medium of his genius, in re-created loveliness, grandeur, and strength. This relation of Shakespeare's genius to outward nature is,

again, another source of its ever-living freshness; for nature is always the same, and the reciprocal influences between man and nature admit few essential changes. It is very true that the progress of science does modify our *intellectual* view of nature, and that the inventions to which progressive science gives birth enable us to turn the forces of nature to practical uses; but however, by advancing knowledge, phenomena may be explained, or discoveries be applied, the outward universe will ever be, to the general consciousness, an instinctive, an immediate, and, upon the whole, a uniform revelation. So it will be even to the learned, as to the vulgar: the sun will arise and set as aforetime, and as of old; the moon will brighten the heavens with her lustre, and the earth with her beauty; and the stars be, as they always have been, the pomp and glory of the night. We may adduce the example of astronomy itself, to prove how little science changes impression, or interferes with the consciousness that belongs to sensibility and imagination. No one doubts that in the mind of Job, of the Psalmist, of Isaiah, the ideas of the heavens were as different as could be from those of modern astronomy, and as diminutive as different: but can modern astronomy transcend in sublimity the language of those inspired men? And why not? Because the *feeling* of the sublime is not the feeling of bulk or of distance, — it is not suggested by the measurable, however remote or near: the feeling of the sublime unites the sense of mystery and of the infinite; whatever can excite this sense gives us the feeling of sublimity, and in the degree that it thus excites us. So could the heavens excite the ancient sages of Chaldæa and Palestine, — and the heavens of modern astronomy can no more; for reach the utmost visible boundary of space, what we have traversed can yet be measured, and before us is still the INFINITE UNKNOWN. Thus, after all, we are in the midst of immensity, and the impression inspires us with solemn awe: the ancients had a like impression and a like awe. We have a sense of mystery and of infinity, and in *that* sense a feeling of the sublime: the ancients had no less a sense of mystery and of infinity, — perhaps a sense more profound even than ours, and accordingly they had a feeling of the sublime, to which they gave the most solemn grandeur of expression.

We have said that Shakespeare does not deal in mere description, and yet no mere description was ever than his more accurate. The wonder of his observing faculty is not simply in the vastness of its range, or in the sharpness of its vision; but in an intuitive sagacity, which often anticipates discoveries of science, — science equally as it applies to nature or to man. We have not space for illustrations; but if we had, illustrations could be collected that would be numerous, curious, striking, and appropriate. His familiarity, therefore, with the objects and the life of nature, was not the result of voluntary attention, but of spontaneous habit. So it is that phenomena, visible, audible, or living, impress us in the poetry of Shakespeare, as if almost direct, and without a medium. Through it we look at all phases of sun, moon, stars, and clouds: we see the ocean in its various moods, when it foams against the heavens, and when it is their mirror; we have the land in all its configurations, its inequalities, its ornaments, its garniture, and visioned pictures of its habitable and solitary places; we hear the air as it plays sweet music in the grove, and the songs of birds that sound in chorus; we hear the tempest as it shouts fierce battle in the gloomy firmament, or ploughs deep chasms in the devouring sea. So in some few brief minutes we may have visions of the successive seasons: Spring, “when well-apparelled April on the heel of limping Winter treads”; Summer, “when the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses”; Autumn, when “the year (is) growing ancient, not yet on Summer’s death, nor on the birth of trembling Winter”; Winter,

“When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

“When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson’s saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian’s nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

So have we the changes of the day, but marked particularly in the opening and the close;—in the opening, when "the morning steals upon the night, melting the darkness";—in the close, when "the silent hours steal on, and flaky darkness breaks within the east"; "the west yet glimmers with some streaks of day"; then "spurs the lated traveller apace, to gain the timely inn"; at last, "the dragon-wing of night o'er-spreads the earth."

But natural description, accurate and vivid as it is in Shakespeare, is not the peculiarity of his genius; the peculiarity is, that he *humanizes* all description, and that all his description is incidental to humanity. We often notice this in his symbolic imaginings of day and night:—

"See how the the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!"

Then we have Night, "sober-suited matron all in black," subjectively human in one passage, which we shall quote, and objectively human in another, which also we will quote. Subjectively thus:—

"The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
 That drag the tragic, melancholy night."

Night, objectively, we have:—

"When the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
 But when from under this terrestrial ball
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves!"

Artists and poets have been deservedly and largely praised for the pathetic humanity which they have reflectively suggested in the sorrows and the pains of animals. Burns in poetry has achieved greatness here, and Landseer in painting has achieved equal greatness. But in this pathetic humanity of animal expression, Shakespeare is still the master. We wish we could give his whole picture of the hunted hare; but here is the catastrophe:—

“By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs, with listening ear,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick, that hears the passing-bell.
 Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
 Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay,
 For misery is trodden on by many,
 And being low, never relieved by any.”

That familiar picture in the school-books, of “The Dying Deer,” which every schoolboy recollects, we will not reproduce, but the comments on it, which even grave students may not always remember, we will venture to recall.

“But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?
 O yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
 ‘Poor deer,’ quoth he, ‘thou mak’st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much.’ Then, being alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
 ‘T is right,’ quoth he; ‘thus misery doth part
 The flux of company.’ Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him; ‘Ay,’ quoth Jaques,
 ‘Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 ’T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?’”

The variety of tones in which Shakespeare makes flowers speak *from* and *to* the human heart, we cannot here exemplify,—there is no one whom we need remind of the

affecting enumeration of the desolate Ophelia. While Shakespeare opens to us all the divinity and the humanity of nature, while he unfolds nature to us, — in its nobleness, in its beauty, in its implications of wisdom, bounty, and pathos, — he never desecrates the sanctity of nature by any association with the idolatry or folly of superstition. This is all the more admirable, as contrasted with the life and literature of his time; — a time when astrology was a faith to which even acute and able men gave implicit trust; when belief in witchcraft spread darkness over Europe, and made the darkness red with the blazing fagots, amidst which thousands passed through gates of fire out of life; when the drama did not disdain to find horrible interest in the insane atrocity, and when it had a British monarch for its advocate. Then it was, that Shakespeare, darting his keen wisdom generations beyond his age, ventured to ridicule even the comparatively harmless credence in the influence of the stars. "This is," he makes one of the characters in *Lear* say, "the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick in fortune, — often the surfeit of our own behavior, — we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on."

And that which includes both man and nature, yet belongs to nature only by means of man, — that without which no consciousness can be, yet of which consciousness is the medium and the measure, — Time, — that we have most impressively, most multifariously, spiritualized and *humanized* in the poetry of Shakespeare. With what subtilty it is said of a person, who begins in sickness to despair of recovery, "He hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time." The moralizing of a sage in motley is thus suggestively presented: —

"He drew a dial from his poke:
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock':
'Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags':

'T is but an hour ago, since it was nine ;
And after an hour more, 't will be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

But after all, the mind, or the state of mind, is the true measure of the hour ; and the motion of the hand over the same space on the dial-plate of the clock does not indicate to all the same interval of duration : —

"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who time *ambles* withal, who time *trots* withal, who time *gallops* withal, and who he *stands still* withal. He trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout : for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain : the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : these time ambles withal. He gallops with a thief to the gallows : for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there. He stays still with lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves."

Time, in these passages, is indicated only in its relations to humanity ; but here is one, wherein, with luxuriant description, and thoughtful philosophy, we discern it alike in its relation to humanity and to nature ; the passage throbs with beauty, and abounds in pensive imagery : —

"When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day hung in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard :
Then of thy beauty I do question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow."

The thorough insight and sympathy which Shakespeare had

as to both inward and outward nature, — the intuitive discernment which he had of their intercommunion, — we observe not only in the completeness of his genius, but also in the completeness of his art. Whence it comes to pass, that, besides being a great artist himself, he understands the essential principles of *all* art. We meet with phrases, here and there, in his poetry, which, though having no æsthetic intention, contain the substance of æsthetic philosophy. "Nature," says one of his characters, "is made better by no mean, but nature makes *that* mean: so o'er that art, which you say adds to nature, is an art that nature makes. . . . This is an art which does mend nature, — change it rather; but the art itself is nature." How deep and true is this! For art is but the union of inward and outward nature, intensified and idealized by genius in human consciousness; and by genius made actual to the world, in body, delineation, or expression. Art is never beyond or out of nature: nature includes art, and gives to art its matter, its form, its meaning, and its life. But both in art and nature, Shakespeare is the poet of HUMANITY. O, most surely, humanity was Shakespeare's peculiar mission! he saw it in every object, he heard it in every sound, and in it all his thoughts were steeped.

We have in this article directed our attention mostly to the general qualities of Shakespeare as a poet. We have hardly been at all specific, or entered on any review of those qualities which have given to him his durability as a dramatic poet, in either tragedy or comedy. But, in both, he has survived generations of dramatists, belonging to every age, from his own down to ours. It is asserted, and not without truth, that even Shakespeare's plays are now heavy on the stage; but then Shakespeare's are the only plays of his time, with extremely few exceptions, that are ever now brought upon the stage. Nature insists on novelty; and novelty even, without nature, is too strong for Shakespeare. Shakespeare himself would lose his power with incessant repetition. Yet no dramatist has had such repetition. With it all, he has never lost his freshness, even on the stage; for though he may often fail "to please the ears of groundlings," yet, in the smallest audience, he has ever some that hold communion with his noble thoughts.

But with the reader in the closet, he is sure to have attentive and fit communion. What numbers of poets, dramatic and otherwise, his age possessed, — also, the intervening ages; but neither on the stage nor in the closet do we find them now. Comedy, indeed, is changeable; and we wonder not that past comedy should become to us thus strange. But tragedy, it is asserted, deals with primitive emotions, and cannot thus become obsolete with the lapse of time. Time has no statute of limitation against the passions, — against grief, guilt, and death. Yet few are the tragedies in English which continue to hold the stage, or to secure perusal. Some of Shakespeare's tragedies are constantly acted on the stage; all of them are constantly studied in perusal. The perpetuity of his genius in our literature and in our life is still more decisively exemplified in the perennial freshness of his comedies. Humor is the soul of comedy; but humor, however genuine in essence, is in its manifestation extremely dependent on the day, — on its manners, mode, and fashion. How many writers do we read with the conviction, that the reputation which they had in their time for humor was more than merited; yet we are grave, while we admire. Wizards, such as Rabelais and Cervantes, who once waved the rod of ridicule with such potency as to set all Europe laughing, can hardly now create a smile; and yet we split our sides at the bidding of men, who are, in comparison with these great masters, but jugglers and buffoons. It is no matter of severe difficulty to act on the sense of the ludicrous through immediate associations, and by means of proximate excitements. Drollery and fun are more effective as the time passes, than wit and fancy are when the time has passed; and yet such drollery and fun may have in them neither wit nor fancy. The animal spirits, which exhilarate the blood, may produce mirth in the present moment; when it may not be produced afterwards by the most original imagery that can be fashioned in the brain. The clown of a circus, the harlequin of a pantomime, the jester in a farce, will set thousands in a roar, where the spirit of Yorick, without his gambols, would not provoke a smile. But all such humor expires in the moment of its existence; and even "to mock its own grinning," there remains no laugh a moment after.

Most humor is connected, not with what is essential, natural, and universal, but with what is limited, exceptional, and extravagant. The mass of humor, in order to be current, must be so connected: "And so from hour to hour it ripens and ripens, and then from hour to hour it rots and rots." In Shakespeare, instead of humor being bound to evanescent circumstances, and dying when *they* die, the circumstances are bound to immortal humor, and must live because *that* lives.

Primarily, we find the source of Shakespeare's lasting and growing power in the inspiration of his genius; but we must also esteem it as a very important, though secondary condition of his influence, that his language was English. It was a happy circumstance that this language was in itself a grand medium of expression, more than equal even to the measure of his own greatness; the condition in which he found it was also as fortunate. It was in that middle stage which always seems the best adapted to embody the representative poet of a literature and of a race; and Shakespeare must now surely be considered the representative poet not only of the English race, but also of English literature, however numerous henceforth may be its diversities and modifications. His genius was born in due time, and English speech was ready for its birth. The elements of which this composite language consisted were no longer crude and uncombined: their separateness of origin appeared no longer in disjointed and unassimilated graftings; all had lost their differences; and, with the native Saxon root as a centre of vital unity, constituted a whole, complete alike in music and in meaning, adequate to whatever man would sing or say. Thus fresh, strong, rich, sweet, it answered to the passions and the thoughts of that new, that stirring age; it was cultivated and moulded from the energies and wants of the inward nature, and was yet free from those artificial influences to which it has since been subjected. It was a fit dialect, when it came to the prime of its vigor, for the spirit of Shakespeare; and exactly at that season the spirit of Shakespeare was poured into it. If the spirit of Shakespeare gave to it such mental treasures as an individual genius never gave before to a national tongue, in return, no national tongue ever gave to an individual genius such a compass of glory as Eng-

lish has given, and is destined to give, to the spirit of Shakespeare. This, the tongue of four or five millions merely when Shakespeare wrote, is now heard over the continents and islands of the globe; and wherever it is read or spoken, the name of him who for an obscure theatre once composed his dramas, is sounded with reverence and rapture. Who can conceive the immensity of that public which the English language prepares for Shakespeare with the growth of generations? The English language spreads in Europe; it is the language of this great and increasing American nation; it will be that of the millions who are to fill Australia, and to cover every habitable spot that gleams in the Pacific; if Britain continues to sway India, authority, profit, and ambition will confer dominance on her language, and extend it through many regions of Asia; — but wherever this language is known, there Shakespeare's genius will be also known. Some have fears that, in such diffusion, English must be broken into a variety of dialects, and be lost in a chaos of corruptions and adaptations. We do not share in these fears. The English language has not, by means of elementary roots, the independent, native sufficiency which the Greek or the German has; it has, however, an admirable substitute, in the facility with which it naturalizes new and foreign words. The facility of annexing and incorporating words is as great in the English language, as that of annexing and incorporating territory is in the English government. We remember a time, not long since, when English critics wailed dolefully over the corruption of the language by peculiarities of American phraseology; but of late we have seen not a few English critics adopt some of our most exceptional peculiarities, merely on account of their expressiveness, and without our justification of circumstance and necessity. But there are two volumes on which we rest our strongest confidence for the preservation, through all vicissitudes, of our language in its genius and its unity; — one volume contains the writings of Shakespeare; the other, the authorized translation of the Bible; — for both will continue to be read and studied, each in its own sphere, while the mind of man has thought for the natural and the supernatural, — while idea, incident, character, and passion impart interest to life, — while God, existence, eternity, and mystery give infinite meaning unto death.

ART. III.—ART AND ARTISTS.

1. *Vite de' piu eccellenti Pittori, Scultori, ed Architetti*, G. Vasari. 1550.
2. WINCKELMANN's *Werke: Donanöschingen*. 1825.
3. LESSING's *Werke: Laocoon*. Berlin. 1840.
4. GOETHE'S *Werke: Italiänische Reise; Einleitung in die Propyläen; Der Sammler und die Seinigen, &c.* Stuttgart. 1840.
5. *Handbuch der Geschichte der Malerei in Italien seit Constantin dem Grossen*. Von DR. F. KUGLER. Berlin. 1837.
6. *Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*. Von DR. F. KUGLER. Stuttgart. 1842.
7. *Kunstwerke und Künstler in England, Paris, und Deutschland*. Von DR. G. F. WAAGEN. Berlin. 1837.
8. *Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunst*. Von K. O. MÜLLER. Breslau. 1848.

THE opening of our public galleries of art, and of the collections of the works of our own artists, in our principal cities, at this time, leads us to call attention, by the above list, to a few of the many valuable works of research and criticism with which, from time to time, the study of art has been enriched. The great wealth of German literature in this department is too well known to need to be more than referred to, and the fact that nearly all the most valuable works on this subject in that language, as well as in Italian, are now accessible in English translations, puts it in the power of every one, whose taste and leisure may lead him in that direction, to possess himself of the most reliable results of art, history, and criticism. In this connection, the works of Professor Waagen of Berlin recommend themselves to all those already tolerably versed in the history of art, as of great value in giving the general results at which modern criticism has arrived, in applying the maxims and principles of the earlier German pioneers in art, — Winckelmann, Lessing, and Goethe. To this is added a profound knowledge and critical love of all the minutiae of art, which give a peculiar charm to his writings, and a great confidence in the judgments he pronounces. For general reading and reference the works of Vasari and Kugler are too well known and appreciated to require any special recom-

mendation, while the learned and profound works of K. O. Müller, greatly valued in Germany, need only time to take their stand in general estimation beside more popular works. Where special and direct illustration is desired, the Gallery of Casts and Sculpture in our Athenæum is, as is well known, particularly rich in those works which have been made marked objects of criticism and admiration by critics of all time, while the collection of pictures and prints in the same institution, and the prints in possession of Harvard College, put it within the reach of every student to become critically familiar with all the principal existing works of art.

Art has existed in all nations in some proportion to their advancement in civilization and refinement. Its origin must be found in a natural power of the human mind to reproduce circumstances or events at some point in their progress. Its object is to instruct and please, by giving representations of what is most beautiful and elevating in the world. The art of painting, for instance, is a means employed by the painter to represent what he has seen in nature, and what he has felt and thought in his own mind and experience.

Practically, what the painter desires to effect, is to make others see exactly what he has seen in nature or in his own mind, and to see it in such a way that it shall produce on them precisely the same effect which it has done on himself. This is the point at which art joins itself to the moral world, and wherein conscientiousness develops itself in the artist. He has learned that certain natural effects give rise to certain sentiments in those who experience them, and that in proportion to the perfection of the artist is the certainty of the effect. It follows that this power of absolute influence which the good artist feels, and which enables him to count almost at will upon certain results, must in an equal degree render him responsible that what he presents shall combine in one the good, the true, and the beautiful. And not only this, but that he should represent his works of art on the ascending, and not on the descending scale; that is, that his work should not be more complete than the idea which it contains, but should rather suggest more than it tells, leading the mind from the story involved in it to the sentiment which gave it birth.

Herein is the necessity of truth in art, that Nature contains infinite secrets in all her manifestations, and that the artist's power lies, first, in seeing certain of these secrets in nature, and secondly, in reproducing that nature with such exactness as that others shall perceive the same, from the truth with which he has selected and the beauty with which he has reproduced just those qualities in nature which he has found to produce a certain effect upon himself.

Of course, in speaking of nature in these connections, we mean the whole natural world, including the moral and spiritual elements, as distinguished from God and the human soul. In other words, as comprising all those elements which lie between God as the teacher and governor, and man as the taught and governed. All this middle ground we would include as the region of nature and the sphere of art. God uses the natural world, in all its variety and infinity, but in a different degree and measure, as a means of teaching and of governing (which is but a part of teaching) individual men and women. In doing this he gives to certain individuals a particular aptitude to perceive and to communicate (each in his own proportion) what teaching and guidance is intended to be conveyed by some special operation in nature.

These men, according to their gifts, we call teachers, religious and secular, artists, poets, and by many other names. In proportion to the faithfulness with which they deliver the lesson they have been taught, are they great men. Their mission is to communicate to others what God has shown to them through the natural world, in all its truth, beauty, and goodness. For what comes from God must be perfectly good, and perfectly beautiful, and perfectly true. Here we come to what may, by way of distinction, be called merit in the artist, spiritually considered. In the providence of God, it is ordained that no teacher shall have all perception directly communicated to him by God's immediate gift. Most of those gifted with the faculty of teaching have a direct perception of God's lessons through nature only in one aspect. The exercise of faith and pupilage in these consists in gaining by diligence, and by the use of intermediate means, the perceptions necessary to the complete view of God's teaching.

For example, the religious teacher may, by direct inspiration, know the goodness of God in what he sees ; it is his task to learn that therein is also absolute truth and absolute beauty, and having learnt these, to communicate to the world a whole which shall contain them all. The artist may see the absolute beauty of an idea taught by God in the natural world, but he must so chasten this perception as to make it compatible with absolute truth and absolute goodness, and must reproduce a work developing all these qualities, before he can claim to have been a faithful steward of his talent. So the philosopher may see the perfect truth of God's teaching in the natural world, but he must see goodness and beauty in the same lesson, before he has learned what he was ordained to teach.

It will be easy to deduce a formula from these few remarks. For our instruction in our present state of being, besides infinite other means, God has ordained that certain men should perceive in his natural world, and seeing should communicate to others, certain attributes of his infinite sublimity. To one he gives the power to know goodness, and him we may call the religious teacher ; to another a knowledge of absolute truth, and this is the philosopher ; while to a third, who has the perception and the power of reproducing the beautiful, we give the names of artist and poet. None of these recreate what *we* may have seen, but they reproduce what *they* have seen. They become great in their departments in proportion as each can blend in one the special attribute with which he is gifted, and those others which he must acquire. The perfect result, if completely attainable here, should be, by combining all these qualities in one, a work of love, satisfying the three great needs which we recognize as forming our souls,—the intellectual, the moral, and the emotional ; and such a teacher, delivering to man the lessons God has taught, through the natural world, in the very spirit in which they were given, would be at once the religious teacher, the man of wisdom, and the artist.

It is a peculiarity of works of art, that each individual work, being the production of a single mind, is limited in its extent,

and, like the view contained in one glance of the eye, takes in but one direction at once. In this respect art bears the same relation to nature and mental philosophy that religion does to morals, as being founded in the affections rather than the intellect, the former being concentrative, while the latter is discursive. For the affections aim to bring as many harmonious objects as possible into one field of realization, while the intellect strives to discover the harmonious relation subsisting between widely separated objects.

It grows out of this necessity, that art not only employs itself to combine the true and the good with the beautiful, but that it is also local, and, in a wider sense, national in its character. Speaking still more generally, every special development of art is periodic, that is to say, each manifestation attaches itself to the methods of thought and life prevailing during its germination, and which serve as matrices for its growth. In its own proper period, each manifestation of art must find its sustenance and its limitation. It follows that the life of works of art is limited to the sphere which develops and nourishes them; but that their influence may reach to very distant ages, carrying with it the seeds of other developments, differing from, yet related to, the parent tree.

It will be seen, therefore, that a development of art may take place under various modifications, in different individuals, and in separate countries, yet all under the influence of, and all guided by, the prevailing spirit of the age in which they exist; and that all these different elements may converge towards a common centre, so as to culminate, perhaps, at the same time; — their possible perfectibility being limited by the requirements and advancement of the age in which they are produced, and their existence as living phenomena being limited by the duration of the atmosphere in which they find their nourishment. We shall see, too, how it is possible for a period of art to show in its advancement all the steps by which it has attained excellence, and yet how, the maximum of excellence once attained, its subsequent steps may be merged in one sudden fall, which leaves no mark for the future but its imperishable store of instruction, and perhaps the germs of future developments of art.

The legacy which an art leaves behind it is thus twofold: the instruction which it carries in itself, and which is intrinsic in it, and the germ of future art which is extrinsic from it. The latter is a seed cast off to find nourishment where it may be fostered, while the former is a quality or excellence of the parent trunk. The one may be called the historic and influential side of an art, the other its potential and prophetic side.

Art has prevailed in all nations which have emerged from primitive rudeness and barbarism. In other words, in all nations which have to any extent submitted instinct and inclination to principle and duty. This in nations and eras, as well as in individuals, seems to be the point where the appreciation and the production of art find their natural and instantaneous germination. It is probable that every artist and art student, if sagaciously catechized, would be made to feel that it was in the arrest or control of some eager passion or instinct that the soil was turned up in which the love and appreciation of art seemed to grow, as it were, spontaneously. This period is a crisis and a deliverance in the experience both of men and of nations, and, though so suddenly learned, is never forgotten; for in the one it dates the era of manhood, in the other that of nationality. Both to men and to nations Religion and Science and Art come as trine sisters to minister to and to support them after the first great battle has been fought with evil and with self. When the great renunciation of selfhood and evil has been made, and we lie bleeding and faint from the conflict, the three fair sisters come to us, and thenceforth in our pilgrimage they never wholly leave us. We may not know them all at first, and perhaps only by the teaching of the one chosen one may we come to know the others, in after time; but in that solemn hour of our awakening they are all present.

Even when known, we may not give them welcome, choosing some gayer and less trustworthy friends to our love; but at every welling up of the clear fountain of purity in our breasts, their kind looks and gentle voices wooing us to good are once more seen and heard, till at last, come it sooner or later, we

must leave behind us the glitter and noise of the world, and ever after seek them, if haply we may find them.

It is this deep hold, which, in the providential order of the Universe, art has, in concert with religion and science, upon our most inward experience, that gives to it its serious and profound character; and to this must be attributed also the attachment which every nation feels for its period of artistic inception. All greatness is referred back to this period. All anterior to it is represented as fable; in other words, as the infancy and childhood of the nations, before the soul of man had asserted its supremacy, through its possible purity and overcoming of self, over circumstance and matter.

Of course, in treating of art in the general terms we now use, we do not confine the meaning of the term to what are, from their delicate nature, termed the fine arts. All the relations subsisting between men and men, and between men and matter, may be made media for the development of art, as the characteristics of art are spiritual, not material. Thus we might perhaps compare the different branches of the received fine arts to the various methods of garden culture, where the attention of the horticulturist is turned to the perfecting of certain plants, and rightly too; but in a wider sense we may say that every field may become a garden, and every woodland a park, and that the whole world is an enclosure, where each of us has been placed to till his allotted ground. It is in this sense we must say, that, whether as givers or receivers, art enters so largely and so intrinsically into the life and experience of every one.

We have said that art enters into the development of every nation which has made any progress in culture and refinement. It is limited, however, in each by the degree of such culture which exists either as actual or potential development. For all nationality, like all individual character, is restrictive, that is, restrains certain powers and capabilities for the greater and more perfect development of those qualities which are left at liberty. Hence every nationality, as every individual character, is only capable of unlimited expansion in some special direction, and it is the province of Art, as of her sisters, to

restore to nations and to men the elements necessary to their complete development, so that what was cut off by principle or necessity may be restored by love and self-denial.

Now as art is restorative and remedial in its character, giving back to us what we are conscious of the need of in our souls, restoring the glow of the sunset and the sheen of the stars to our weary eyes and hearts, it follows that art cannot minister to needs of which we do not feel the seed and the germ in our own souls, and that, consequently, the development actual or possible to each nation or era is the measure of the development to which art can attain then and there.

But art is always true to itself. Its principles are always the same, under every sky and in all time. The goal towards which it tends always one, though the means various and the distance uncertain. Ever towards the celestial city, the sun of light and heat and power, does the look of art turn. Its votaries may one by one fall on the road before reaching its open gates, but each grave of the faithful follower of art is a guide and a beacon to those that come after him. On whatever road of art we travel, so long as we move faithfully and steadily onward, the three sisters are ever before us, so that we cannot go astray so long as we follow them.

ART. IV. — CONGREGATIONALISM.

1. Art. *Congregationalism* in "The New American Cyclopædia."
2. *Evidence, &c., &c. in the "Dublin Case."* Concord. 1859.

THE highest court of New Hampshire has just made a very interesting decision, of which the gist is found in the true definition of the term which stands in the front of this article. But to make it understood, some few words of historic detail are unavoidable. Almost forty years since, the Rev. (now Dr.) L. W. Leonard took the pastoral charge of the only church and society in Dublin, under the shadow of the Monad-

nock, then a place of far humbler pretensions than now. His settlement was an era in the cause of common-school education, to which he gave himself with a special zeal. It was shown by the preparation of several popular treatises or textbooks in its aid; by a steady and vigilant personal supervision of the teachers and the taught in the districts of his cure; by creating, in fact, (since in that day the name was hardly known,) a Sabbath-school library, whose spreading fame made it the prototype of institutions of the sort, and the number of whose volumes distanced everything of the kind near or far. The much more than average intelligence of Dublin was conceded on all sides, and became a sort of proverb.

Dr. Leonard was the successor of a gentleman who was unmarried, not dependent on his salary alone, while his wants, naturally enough, were very circumscribed. The end of his ministry found him, therefore, in easy, one might almost say, for a retired country pastor, affluent circumstances; his property then rating at five to six thousand dollars. His affections were wrapt up in those for whom he labored; there were none, by legal title, or the sentiment of society, to divert his bounty elsewhere; and the Congregational Society became, almost as a thing of course, his only legatee.

For very many years Dr. Leonard built up in the faith and order of the Gospel an undivided township. But in our age, and especially in this land, who expects such a condition to be enduring? The wonder now is at the rare examples, of which that spoken of was one, of its lengthened date. Discontent based on doctrinal grounds made entrance at last; though it is past all doubt that their unity would have held unbroken much longer, if their convictions and sense of duty had been left in their own keeping. But those faithful overseers of a man's flock, his brethren around, are seldom wanting to their supposed duty in the case; and here, as elsewhere, those who had been taught they were aggrieved, were allowed no rest till they found it in secession and a new altar. But their numbers were few; their fortunes certainly at no time bright; and the pulpit changed its incumbent with a most discouraging frequency. All at once a happy remedy to meet the exigency, and revive the dying-out light in this candlestick of true

gold, was started by somebody, — by whom we know not, but where that credit rests, should by all means be traced out. The bequest of which we have spoken had been made to “the Congregational Society of the place”; and now the quite original idea was, to dispute the title of the mother society to be styled “Congregational” at all. Who could have encouraged these hopes, that were (or rather, should have been) competent to advise, remains in the dark; but the hopes themselves waxed stronger, till they issued in the final appeal — to the law. The trial came on last winter, and before a full bench: the hearing filled many days; and seriously, the plea most strenuously insisted upon for the transfer of the property to the new claimants was, that the keepers of it did not accept the Assembly’s Catechism! Certain points technically legal, and which waited for a law term to be fully considered, deferred the final decision almost to the month of July, now just passed. It was the unanimous judgment of the court, that the plaintiffs had wholly failed to establish their position; and, we ought to add, that four of the five judges were kindred in theological relations with those whom they thus dismissed. The Chief Justice incidentally spoke of himself as a member of the old (Orthodox) Church at Concord (Dr. Bouton’s).

The documents comprising this case are just published, and their extent causes one to break out in wonder over the subtleties of a science, by which a proposition, to common view so simple, can become so complicated. The opinion of the presiding judge took up three hours in the delivery. The testimony of the Rev. Dr. Lamson of Dedham, whose ministerial experience, on its very threshold, was such as to be fruitful of questions pertinent to the point in hand, kept him on the stand the larger part of a week, inflicting on the outer man what, in homely dialect, is often called a *siege*. We regret that in the limits of this article we cannot notice the pamphlet in any detail, or admit of quotation from it.

Our remarks began with calling this decision “interesting.” But if this be understood as tantamount to important, many will doubtless be prompted to ask, Wherefore? They see nothing intricate in the whole matter, and are puzzled to know

what it is that has been disputed. It may seem calculated to provoke a smile, that we announce so gravely, and so exultingly too, that the great arbiters of life and property in New Hampshire have settled forever — what? That the term Congregational has relation to nothing but the order and polity of the churches. Every smart child, in a well-instructed Sabbath school, would justly think itself equal, not in precise phrase perhaps, but in substance, to defining it as well. And yet the fitness of sending this forth with something of that flourish of trumpets, which has become, with certain publishers, (as the land knows,) a stereotyped fashion, whose seal is found on every new issue, has its apology in the fact that this truth is in such fair way of being wholly disguised, mystified, overlaid with things foreign, as any well can be; and soon one may feel little surprise in hearing it flatly contradicted. There may be those to whom this is a new discovery, now learned from our pages; but they must have been strangely unobservant of the way, both in action and writing, not only of a part of the religious world among us, but almost equally of the secular press, whom the spirit of imitation has leavened with the like characteristics. The spirit of imitation, say we; for with the last, for the most part, as we cannot but think, it has its source in stupidity and carelessness. With the former, it is quite plain that systematic artifice and stealthy cunning alone will solve it.

Examples to our purpose even embarrass us, in selecting, by their number and variety. They come to us from new books on the counter, new institutions set up, and from almost every week's issue of the journal-sheet. Editors, or their local correspondents, have a paragraph on the affairs of this or that village; "the Congregational Society" perchance is mentioned, obviously enough in the narrow, party sense, and as if there were no other entitled to the name. The uninitiated reader has to see through the deception as he can. Then we have the term Congregational in all sorts of combination, — with the Quarterly, the new review commenced the last January; with the Library, of some years standing, and from the first under the keepership of Mr. Felt; with the Year-Book, the current directory of the party; with "The Union"; with a

hymn-book, and many more, too numerous, in the shop phrase, to particularize. Not one of these has relation to the whole body whom that broad word describes. They are essentially sectarian in every instance. Let no Congregationalist outside that line make advances, in his innocence, to the benefits of the "Library," or think of becoming a member of the "Union." All these multiplied applications of the term seem, as they doubtless are meant, by flooding the common speech, to sink its legitimate sense. Eight or ten years since, a *Gazetteer* of the United States appeared, under the joint editorship, as we think, of Messrs. Haskell and Smith,—both of them, it is believed, divines, and the first certainly President for a time of the University of Vermont at Burlington. It is permeated by the peculiarity in question. Of the ten thousand articles on individual townships, the shape of the statistics of one will serve as a sample for the whole: "Religious Societies,—Congregational, 1, Unitarian, 1," &c. The winter before the last, the preacher at the Pitts Street Chapel (under the auspices of the Unitarian ministry at large), invited a half-dozen divines of this city, representing as many leading denominations, to preach, on consecutive Sunday evenings, upon a given text of vital and pregnant import. A well-known Orthodox firm, directly after they were finished, announced their publication collected into a volume. The fashion of the titles respectively, it is amusing to read. Subject and text being given,—By the Rev. N. Adams, Trinitarian Congregationalist. Turn a few leaves onward, and what do we find? By the Rev. Orville Dewey, Unitarian. The compound term given to Dr. Adams indicates to the reader, at a glance, that there must be some other phase or phases of Congregationalism,—pray, Mr. Publisher, what are they? The threefold query presents itself,—Was the ignorance of the bookseller so profound that he really did not know that the same category included both preachers? would he stoop to call this gross blunder an accidental one? or, finally, did he take his cue from the spoken hint or silent example of his theological patrons, that no opportunity was, by any means, to be suffered to let slip, of debauching the language?

The very earliest illustration of the subject-matter of these

strictures that arrested the eye of the present writer of these lines, must not be forgotten. The American Quarterly Register, a respectable journal, devoted to the cause of education, was suspended in 1843, the series having reached fifteen volumes. Among its statistics were tabular lists of the ministers and churches, especially of New England, embracing, either by counties or the entire State, this whole section of country. That of the "Congregational" societies of Maine, united in one notice, is found within the last two volumes of the work. It was prepared by the well-remembered Dr. Gillett of Hallowell, whose rule of classification, as it was quite unique, should be given to the world. Having occasion to look to this authority for some Unitarian minister or church in that State, of past time, and confounded, by so singular an omission, in seeking it in vain, we tried the same experiment with another name, and with no better success. Curiosity thus fairly aroused, we were led to a closer sifting of the article, when lo! it was found that the most ancient churches of the State, holding to the Unitarian faith, such as the First, of Portland, those of Kennebunk, Biddeford, and a few others, which could not well be ignored, had maintained their place. The generality, which were more modern, especially if secessions from existing Orthodox parishes, were very coolly set aside. The denomination was thus rent in twain, to be found here or found elsewhere, as it chanced. What, historically, is the value, to any publication, of such a document?

The article which we have named in the New Cyclopædia is a memento that brings to mind another specimen in kind (the last we mean to give); for which, if anything, less apology is to be found than for any of the preceding. Better things were to have been hoped from a scholarly Cyclopædia. This is not the place to criticise it in the general; our concern now is only with one drawback on its complacency. This author, who is allowed to teach us *ex cathedra* what Congregationalism is, gives "as its essential peculiarity, that it maintains the independence of each particular congregation of Christians, and their sufficiency to perfect and maintain their own organization, to elect and inaugurate their own officers, and with and through these officers to perform all needful ecclesiastical

acts. Like every other system of church order, it may be connected *with any form of doctrine*, and any particular mode of worship." He proceeds, however, almost instantly after to say, that "in the common, though more limited and strictly denominational sense in which it will be used in this article, the word Congregational designates a class of churches which hold in general that system which was maintained by Augustine and Calvin, and which has been explained, advocated, and improved by the theologians of New England in successive generations." This is quite enough to bear out our indictment. The flippancy with which he gives notice of the audacity of his intent, provokes as much mirth as anger. He has had enough of our space, and we dismiss the Cyclopædia, with simply asking whether we are to have more of the same sort. The series of volumes and march of the alphabet will soon bring us round to the letter P. Will some worthy confederate of his recent contributor be selected to instruct us that Protestantism, in plain honesty, describes those members of the Germanic body who, in 1539, *protested* against a specific resolve of the Diet at Spire; but that, for his part, he shall proceed immediately to speak of it as the exact counterpart in meaning to justification by faith, — that *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*?

The real import of Congregationalism is certainly defined by the impartial witness called up in the last paragraph, full strongly for our purpose. How well it would satisfy his brethren in sentiment in New Hampshire, it is for them to say. The documents of the Dublin case show how distressfully earnest the counsel for the plaintiffs were to make out that it was never conceived with us to have the radical meaning of Independent, so wisely preferred in the mother country by those in whose fellowship they gloried. Early authorities to this effect are paraded and lengthened out; and even, one is ashamed to say, some of the present time; for example, Professor Upham of Brunswick. It would be descending, to bandy words in such an argument. All this unwearied painstaking but serves to show how little, with the large body of those who are most intent to usurp control over the appellation which is the nucleus of this debate, the vital essence

of the one thing or the other is to their taste or after their heart; as to which, we reserve a further word to be spoken in the sequel. Gordon, in an early chapter of his History, speaking of the religious order in which the Puritans had been reared, and which they planted here, mingles on his page the two ecclesiastical terms now brought into comparison, as if he dreamed not of any process by which nice distinctions could be run between them. "Mr. Robinson, who, by his conversation and writings, proved a principal in ruining Brownism, was, in the opinion of some, the father, of others, the restorer, of the Independent or Congregational churches." He proceeds to give as the only reason with the emigrants for dropping the first term, its sounding too bold, and having the air "of too great a separation from sister churches." A strange conclusion and a feeble reason! On this side, the "sister churches" to whom any regard was due, were as yet, and for a long time future, unborn; as to the other side, which at that moment might claim to be most considered, one would really think that the bond would be all the more endearing, by clinging to a common name. How much better were it, if it exclusively prevailed now! It would give us the advantage, so much wanted, of a word not of stronger, but of much more intelligible import.

The motive for these endeavors, after a monopoly of a denominational name, thus steadily kept in view through long years, and which must be deemed a thing of concert through almost the whole line of a party, is altogether hid from us. Where the dear rights of property are concerned indeed, an explanation is found for almost anything. And yet even in the Dublin question, (coming within that category,) it is a very partial explanation. The plaintiffs had had no funds wrested from them by the strong arm. The case widely differs, as any one must see, from those of a minority in church, being conjoined with a majority of the parish, constituting, in the successive judgments of the courts, that body the first church, and which was the essence of the Dedham, Princeton, and Groton suits in Massachusetts. These last may naturally enough be counted a hard, and, in more than one sense, a trying case. But the claimants in the matter in hand lost nothing which

they did not lose by their own act and consent; and now strive to recover, not only their own share of a common good, but the whole. This only will content them. We repeat, then, one cannot but wonder that the zeal of these voluntary New Hampshire confessors was so impetuous, or their simplicity so extreme, as to allow them to have been committed beyond retreat to a lawsuit. That it was a very small society, would seem less a reason for precipitancy than the contrary. We profess to know nothing; but cannot but suspect that those whose friendly offices were at first astir to make this little flock feel it their solemn duty to secede and build, have added to this obligation by inciting to another step, which has plunged their clients still more deeply in debt. The Orthodoxy more nearly round about us, however actively bent in the same direction, is more cunning; conscious that the process of "continual dropping" on paper or on the stone is the safest way, though it makes a slow approach enough to its object. This has been probably the first lawsuit to deprive Unitarian believers of the Congregational name; the second will not probably come in our time.

But the *cui bono* aspect of these systematic efforts to amend the Dictionary—what advantage is to come of it?—is not the only mystery adhering to the subject which it is difficult to see through. How near is the age that will witness any result compassed worth all this machinery? Congregationalism is found, to be sure, in ways past numbering, in false senses; but it is equally sure, that it is found in the true one in many others that will not die out just yet. We have the Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society, of ancient date, and which will probably last as many years more in the future,—almost Unitarian to a man. Even the modest compiler of the Boston Directory affixes, year by year, his T. C. and U. C. to his list of Boston ministers; and, while that needful authority is demanded through all time, will not be bribed to swerve from his present fashion. Every year's return of the anniversary week in May brings together the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers. Its component parts, to be sure, drag rather reluctant steps to that meeting; and the great body is scantily enough represented. There is

less, doubtless, of fervent embracing at this regathering after a year's absence, than in any other assembly of the week; but nothing would ever persuade its two wings to part company. The attendance is just enough to serve as sentinels for observing that "all 's well," or to notify the absent, if the rumor should be spread of any intended mine to be sprung from the opposite quarter. Of the two standing officers of this body, the more responsible—he, in a word, who holds the strong-box—seems by prescription to belong to the Unitarians; with occasional change, however, in the incumbents. Again, from time to time, the admission gracefully comes from the Evangelical ranks itself, that is, from the more liberal-minded, of the title of their opponents to share the denominational name. Dr. Codman, as chairman of an important committee of the Overseers of Harvard at some crisis, a few years ago, in his report uses once and again such phrases as "whether by Unitarian or Trinitarian Congregationalists," &c. The "Annals of the Pulpit," that work of extended interest through the whole profession, now in course of publication, from the hands of a truly Christian gentleman not less than scholar, has its first two volumes devoted to "Trinitarian Congregationalists." It is just as certain as if it had already seen the light, that the volume now forthcoming will, in whole or in part, be occupied with "Unitarian Congregationalists."

But in fine, this tenacity about a denominational name,—why should it be accepted as tantamount to possessing the thing? Comparisons, they say, are odious. It would be an irritating question,—and the endeavor at answering it, more so still,—with whom, as to two antagonistic sects, the power of religion was most apparent, or where the moral elevation of society the highest. But this delicacy is uncalled for in relation to the subject in hand. The Unitarian body, whose general indifferency at the encroachment that has drawn forth this protest, falls not short of supineness, in the exercise of congregational liberty have run riot. The phrase "bond of union," applied to them, is but a flourish. More than thirteen years ago, one of the guiding minds of that faith, in the exordium of an ordination discourse at the south end of our city, asks, "Are we a denomination?" The query made the theme

of preaching, and the tone of its asking foreshadowed the answer. From that time, the hint that it threw out has been acted upon more and more with each succeeding year. But what do we see on the other side? From the date of our national union, in the sister State of Connecticut, a nominal Congregationalism, all of one hue, almost possessed the land, for a full generation; a few Episcopal societies making the only exception. But it was still in leading-strings; whatever left the fold, and however few the steps, was looked after with a mother's concern for the infant that can just essay to ramble. A presbytery in everything but name lorded it with iron hand; this county and that county had its *consociated* churches; and the machinery was complete through all their borders.* The majority of the congregations in timidity and terror recognized this unasked jurisdiction over them; but there was never the least modesty as to assuming it over any who had been careful to retain their freedom, if a complainant could only be found to lay before them a grievance. The increasing tokens of an insurrectionary public sentiment, after a long trial, reduced the power of this body to little more than a dead letter; and almost its last expiring act, as the elder patriarch of the Boston Association, now in retirement, tells us, was the attempt (in 1811) to unseat the excellent and venerated divine of Coventry, who but a half-year ago, in this vicinity, passed to his reward, having reached almost the centenarian's limit.

What has there been to show in the history, through much of the last half-century, of this Commonwealth, that they who have been pillars in the Evangelical Church (so called) are any more cordial to "the order of the churches" (Mather's

* As these thoughts are taking their impress upon paper, the last (New York) Independent comes to hand, with the item of religious intelligence, so apt for our purpose, here subjoined. From the style which that journal uses, it agrees with our conclusion, plainly enough, how abused and unmeaning is the title which the prevailing denomination of Connecticut, for generations past, has not scrupled to assume to itself. "On Monday last, the Congregational Church of Northfield (southeast part of Litchfield township) withdrew their connection from the Litchfield South Consociation. They are now *strict* Congregationalists by the passage of the following resolutions," &c. These — which it is needless formally to quote — announce, that, "from the date of the Resolves, our connection with said Consociation is dissolved."

phrase) here, which became theirs by chance, and not by choice? There may now be few, possibly, who can recall that the public pulse was felt in our own State, as late as 1816, as to the trying an innovation after a like model. But the movement, which has left some memorials on our shelves, was made within the "General Association of Massachusetts," the Rev. Dr. Lyman of Hatfield, for years the highest Evangelical authority, perhaps, in its western section, being the then Moderator of that body. A committee, instructed to inquire into the history of a *long-lost MS. of Cotton Mather*, very well suited to the exigency in view, though written more than a century earlier, and to take into consideration the revival of its practical admonitions, led the way. But the report of the committee was the solitary fruit of this large preparation and proportioned rumor; for a damper was cast upon its ultimate aims by the alertness with which the friends of Christian liberty and conservatism at once met these embryo movements. Conspicuous among these tokens was a layman's (soon known to be the ever-vigilant John Lowell) "Inquiry into the Right and Authority to change the Ecclesiastical Constitution of the Congregational Churches" of the State. The present writer has well known, at different periods, the Andover school of the prophets. He has been familiar on its high places with successive classes, and with some of the most promising minds of its alumni. Well does he remember, at the interval of many years, allusions from their lips, once and again, to the sarcasms which were always ready on the lips of Dr. Woods at the congregational system, as without life or energy. The pilgrim fathers of New England were, for the most part, nursed at the breast of Independency; but if, instead of being the disciples of Owen and Howe, they had brought with them the lessons and polity of the Presbyterian Baxter, is it not certain beyond all doubt, that it would have been quite as welcome, to say no more, to that larger half of their successors in our day who rejoice in these names? How much trouble it would in that case have spared! in one State, the awkward and abortive attempt to better the system they found ready to their hand; and in the other, the temptation to slur, with every good chance, at its impotence for discipline.

ART. V.—THE POET PERCIVAL.

The Poetical Works of JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, with a Biographical Sketch. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

“THE poet’s laurel grows upon his tomb.”

This is eminently true of Percival. Since his death, there has been repeated demand for a new edition of his works. These volumes are the only ones which ever presented Percival in a form worthy of his merits. But various prose articles are missing, especially the prefaces of his earlier volumes, which, as they shed light upon his works, ought not to have been excluded. His theoretical essays on poetry are mostly retained, and will take rank with those of Wordsworth and Coleridge on the same subject. The Biographical Sketch gives much insight into his eccentric life, and enables the reader to form some definite idea of the man. Percival will now receive that measure of justice which was denied to him while living. We are almost indignant at the ignorance and stupidity of his early critics. While one denounced him as a moonstruck enthusiast, and another berated him for writing sceptical verses, and another found fault with his poetical theory, the majority passed him by in contempt. The *North American Review* alone set forth his claims, and watched his course with sympathetic care. The neglect into which he fell was doubtless owing partly to the fact, that he had no eminent publisher to look out for his interests; partly to the kindred fact, that the class was so limited of those who truly appreciated his poetry. Fifty years ago, our literature was mainly confined to theology and eloquence, political papers and practical essays, and our reading limited to the witty and heartless writers of Queen Anne’s reign. But the *Monthly Anthology*, begun in 1803, had already in its service a body of young writers who have since gained high honors in literature; and when the *North American Review* took its place, in 1815, the country gave promise of general literary activity. It is worth our while to note this awakening of a new life in letters. Nearly all the men who made their mark at this time were born between 1790 and 1800, and first came before the public in the interval

of 1812-21. Salmagundi, Irving's Knickerbocker, and Brown's novels had already been published. In 1812, Hillhouse produced "The Judgment"; and Allston, Irving, and Bryant soon followed, with volumes which have since become classic. In 1817, Professor Ticknor gave an impulse to letters, by his lectures on modern literature. Cooper was then about to initiate a new school of fiction; Dana was nursing that heart-reading thought, which presently streamed out rich and full in "The Idle Man"; Channing, with his fine taste, was just entering upon his famous controversy; Drake was filling his fancy with those airy nothings, which afterward grew into form in "The Culprit Fay"; Maria Brooks was slowly training her imagination for the impassioned scenes of "Zóphiel"; Everett had begun his work at Cambridge and in the North American; and Webster had just begun to grace statesmanship with the fruits of manly culture.

In 1821, Percival came into company with these men, by publishing a small, dingy-looking volume, containing the first part of his "Prometheus"; "Zamor," a tragedy which he rejected from his later volumes; and a large number of other poems, more varied in character and versification than had yet come from the pen of any native poet. Although it met with a kind reception, yet works of a purely literary character, like "The Sketch-Book," and "The Idle Man," were not enough in demand to make their publication remunerative; those of cultivated tastes were few in number, often widely separated from each other, and too much occupied with professional life to give more than a glance at the literature of the day, while many who were thus devoting themselves to literature had struck upon veins of thought quite new to that generation. Here we date the rise of whatever is original and peculiar in American letters. The reproach so often cast upon us by European critics, that we are wanting in originality and grasp of thought, seems like random talk when we carefully study the literature of this period. In the writings of Dana, the novels of Brown and Cooper, the essays of Irving, and the poetry of Drake, Bryant, and Percival, we find a certain freshness of thought and individual sentiment, which, however much resembling English writers of the same age, are as different in

their essence, as new habits of national life, and a return to nature and individual experience and thought, could make them. Percival's little volume, made up from poems he had printed in 1820, in "The Microscope," a periodical published in New Haven, and from the earlier contents of his portfolio, shared the fate of "The Idle Man," and brought no pecuniary return to the poet. But this did not yet damp the energy of his genius. In 1822, while at Charleston, S. C., he published the first number of "Clio"; in the preface of which he speaks of being "indebted to Irving for the plan of combining elegant essays and pleasing narrations, which do not issue from the overdrawn fountains of monthly and quarterly literature, but roll on in vigorous fulness, when the burdened spirit lets loose its overflowings"; and again, touching upon "Clio," he says, "It remains to be learned, how the public will tolerate a *periodical poet*, who, like the wandering minstrel of old, will take them in his round at certain seasons, and demand for his airy, unsubstantial offerings a *quantum sufficit* of more tangible existences." He declares it his object, "not to give satires on the living manners as they rise, but to delineate, as well as may be, the *beau ideal*." He then speaks of the nature and uses of poetry, — a topic upon which he writes at length in the second number of "Clio," published in the same year at New Haven. These volumes had no sale corresponding to their merits; and the poet grew weary of writing for a public who did not give him that hearty recognition which he thought his works worthy of. The last number of "Clio" was published at New York, in 1827. He also delivered a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Yale College, in 1822, on "Some of the Moral and Political Truths derivable from the Study of History"; and a Phi Beta Kappa poem, entitled "Mind," at the same place, in 1825. His last volume, "The Dream of a Day, and other Poems," appeared at New Haven, in 1843; and with it, so far as the public were concerned, closed his literary life. There is yet unpublished a large number of translations, including the Prometheus of Æschylus, which are perhaps quite as good evidence of his genius as any of his original poems. His geological reports, though valuable in themselves, are unreadable, save by the men of physical science.

The events of his life are few and without special interest. He was born in Berlin, Conn., September 15, 1795. His father was the physician of the place; and until he entered Yale College, in 1810, his time was chiefly spent in his native village. Soon after his graduation, he studied medicine with Dr. Eli Ives, of New Haven. He then engaged in his profession, both in his native town and in Charleston, S. C., but soon exchanged it for literary studies. Early in 1824, he received, through the aid of Mr. Calhoun, the appointment of Professor of Chemistry at West Point; but resigned in July of the same year, because its duties left him no time to devote to his chosen pursuits. He then went to Boston, and became surgeon of the recruiting service at that place. About 1827, he came back to New Haven, and henceforth made it his home. In the same year, he was engaged on Webster's Dictionary, then nearly ready for publication. In 1835, Governor Edwards appointed him to make a geological survey of Connecticut. He made his report in 1842. For several years, he was busy with various surveys of no great importance, save one among the coal mines of Nova Scotia. In 1853, he accepted a request to survey the lead-mining regions of Wisconsin, and in the following year was appointed geologist of that State. He was busily engaged in his explorations till within a short time of his death, which took place at Hazel Green, Wisconsin, May 2, 1856.

So far we have seen Percival only as he was known to the world at large; the outward events of his literary and public life hardly distinguish him from the mass; any one, gifted with sensibility and tact in the use of words, may write poetry, though not of the highest order; it does not need great breadth of mind to become a successful geologist, success depending rather upon industry and method than genuine insight; but not a tithe part is known of Percival, when we have given the bare record of his outer life. If we may succeed in giving a picture of him as he lived, thought, and acted in his retirement; if we can win the secrets of his inner life, which few were ever conscious of; if, in short, we can understand his genius and sympathize heartily with his peculiar struggles, — we shall show that Percival was not an unfeeling

anchorite, but one of those elect spirits who seldom appear in this or any age. "Genius is ever a secret unto itself," but it stamps the man so that he cannot be mistaken. It is only another name for intellectual power united with moral sensibility. Its presence is shown, not only by a full development of unusual faults and excellences of character, but by a certain fiery, self-consuming nature, by an intuitive power of tracing out the subtle threads of destiny which are woven into life, by an imagination whose creations spring from sympathy with the very soul of character or nature, and by a mysterious vitality, which, while felt as an awakening and quickening influence among men, seems to have its home in the regions of beauty, goodness, and truth. An open heart and childlike love alone bring us into close sympathy with men of genius. Though they seem so independent and self-contained, when they meet with such natures, they unbosom at once all the troubles and joys which disturb their quiet. They seldom have favor with the multitude, though their works become its most precious heirlooms. As we generally judge success, their lives seem very often a failure; but even if they do not leave works such as we look for from a master spirit, the consciousness that such men have *lived* and come in actual contact with us, and made their influence felt, is a never-ending source of courage and aspiration. But their influence widens with advancing years; we come to feel that

"The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it."

It is perfectly true that Percival was not appreciated when he published his first poems, perhaps is not generally appreciated now. But the reasons are obvious. The country was not ripe enough to prize such mental gifts as his;—nor was he one who could desecrate his genius by indulging the whims and passions of the crowd. He loved truth better than men, and his knowledge of human nature came to him rather through imagination than experience. From such causes it happened of course that his life was a struggle, and, compared

with his real power, seems like a failure. For while he had such memory, such quick perception, such intellectual grasp as few men have, he had also all the tremulous sensitiveness of another Keats. He had the humility of a peasant and the modesty of woman united with an ambition which, while it was wholly unselfish, would allow nothing to stop its progress. He had such penetration that he mastered every subject which he once took up,—such activity of thought and sight that nothing escaped him; and yet he had so little of executive ability, that he has made public but little from that treasure of vast acquisitions and wide-ranging thought which his friends knew he had in store. A wild impetuosity was strangely mingled in him with extreme delicacy of feeling; and a mystic spirituality dwelt in a mind which did not tire of the minute details of science. Although he had all his faculties in command, it is easy to see that a man whose life was made up of such delicate contrasts was not well fitted to meet the trials of life. If such a man devote himself to literature, without a fortune, he is sure to suffer. The struggles of Johnson, Hood, and Jerrold were not more torturing to the spirit than Percival's in his earlier years. He was modest in his wants, and never married; yet when we read that his entire income for 1830 and 1831 was only sixty-five dollars a year, and are told that he was often whole days without food, and consider that he was rich in treasures which men of the largest culture might covet, and which would doubtless have been rightly valued in Europe, we confess that the heart grows sick.

Percival came before the world as an author,—a poet,—at the age of twenty-five. His early volumes were very popular, and his poetry much quoted in the prints of the day; but his books did not earn him a living, and he soon grew disgusted with the coining of his choicest thoughts and memories into what would buy his daily bread. His property, small at the start, had been invested in a valuable library; and now came a struggle in which he had no weapons to fight with. In a letter to a friend, written May 28, 1823, he says: "It is altogether impossible for me to gain anything for my poems; I have, unwisely and against your advice, though in this I have followed the advice of *grave and rever-*

end seniors, relied somewhat on my literary efforts. The consequence is, I have emptied my pockets, and can get nothing in return; so that I have been driven to put my name to a newspaper even for my daily bread." In another letter, written about this time, he says: "I do not write now to complain or upbraid. The world may value me as they choose, and I will value myself as I choose. I never will take anything without rendering an equivalent, neither will I give anything without an equal return. Consequently, unless I am paid well, I shall publish nothing more. In that I am resolved. Whatever I may write shall never see the light, until I receive that without which the highest talents only make one a higher sort of beggar. But I have written enough on this. I know what is before me. I must be wretchedly poor, or abandon literature. I must have a profession of the common sort, and perhaps I may not wholly fail." In still another letter, dated the same year, he says: "I sometimes feel bitter towards a public that leaves authors of real merit unrewarded. If I deserve all the North American says of me, I deserve something. But I forget that the public will not buy what does not please it, and will not be pleased with what is not of its own order. 'Like loves like,' all the world over, in England as well as here; and if I cannot come down to the public, I must sit above them, cold and hungry. I have said enough of my circumstances. They are low and sad enough, and have made my spirits low. I could tell a tale of embarrassments, joined to a bad constitution, injured health, and a neglected orphanage, which would do much to excuse the wrong that is in me."* We find him again, in 1832, writing to Professor Ticknor, to obtain employment. After stating his situation, he says: "Under such circumstances, I feel myself compelled to *plead* for employment, and with a compensation suited for me, and as is fit for a literary man who deserves encouragement; I have no wish for anything more. Only give me light and room, and I am sure I can exert myself still with as much effort and diligence as any, and, I doubt not, with sufficient effect."† During these years his chief sup-

* Vol. I. p. xlvii.

† Ibid., p. xlviii.

port came from several books which he edited, but it was only a pittance at the best. In 1836, he began his survey of Connecticut, and from the money paid him for that purpose was able to live more easily. About 1843, we again find him so poor, that, unable to pay for his board, he was driven to live by himself. His poverty thus forced him into retirement; and so completely did he withdraw himself from the world, that, although he was frequently employed in scientific matters, and was always courteous to those who came to see him *on business*, many, even in New Haven, thought he was no longer among the living. His dress showed, plainly enough, his wretched condition. Garments patched by himself, his old camlet cloak, and the leather cap, by which alone so many knew him, were in strange keeping with the earnest, spiritual nature which shone out in his pale features and quick-glancing eye. His condition roused the sympathy of literary men, and the late Rufus W. Griswold, as their spokesman, offered to Percival, through the kindness of a mutual friend, a very liberal sum for all the poetry he chose to write; but the offer was refused. Publishers, too, frequently entreated him to write for magazines and annuals, and would pay him highly to just allow his name to be printed on a title-page; but he took no notice of them, even when in absolute want. We may perhaps find an explanation of his conduct, partly in his estimate of a public who had indeed praised him in his youth, but gave him a stone when he demanded bread, and partly in his idea of the poetic calling. In a letter to Professor Ticknor, after giving his *Credo*, he writes: "With such feelings I can no longer look to poetry as a source of emolument; I cannot consent to use it for such a purpose; I can only regard it as the vestal fire in the *Adytum*; I must meet the world with weapons of more earthly temper."* While at the West, his condition grew much easier, and after his death, his property was found more than enough to repay his indebtedness to friends. When his extreme sensitiveness, intellectual pride, and strong love of literary pursuits are compared with the poverty which beset him, it seems to us that

* Vol. I. p. xlvii.

no man of eminent ability, in our time, has yet been called to go through severer trials.

We find in the incidents of his boyhood the shadowy outline of the future man. His father was a man of resolute and energetic character; his mother, one of those who have exceeding tenderness of feeling in union with rare mental development. While Percival inherited his father's strength of character, he was endowed with an organization sensitive to the gentlest touch, and a reach, grasp, and activity of mind which early marked him, among his schoolmates, as one who had their feelings but not their thoughts. He loved to be by himself; and the little stream by his home was one of his frequent resorts in his solitary boyhood. He built paper navies to sail upon it, made fortresses of its pebbles, marshalled armies upon its banks, and became so absorbed in realizing, through imaginative sympathy, the history and fiction which he read in his father's library, that he often quite lost his consciousness of time or place. His poetry is the best revelation of such imaginings, and shows, even at this time, the self-educating process of his mind. He had, too, a passion for collecting, arranging, and giving names to old bones, bits of rock, and flowers. At school his progress was marked, and he soon compassed all which its limits permitted. Among his companions he was cheerful, and whenever meeting them on his return from solitary walks across the fields, had a genial smile and kind word. Later, when preparing for college at Wolcott, Conn., he never joined in holiday rambles with his fellows; but if they happened to stray among the wild and solitary regions near by, they would find Percival communing with himself, at the foot of a cliff, or upon the banks of a secluded stream. The impressions made upon his imagination in these rambles were so vivid and distinct, that, years after, he wrote them out as if from inspiration, thus imparting to his descriptive poetry a peculiar freshness and originality. As soon as he knew how to read, his father's library had a charm for him beyond everything else. His parents found, on telling him to begin the study of geography, that he had already made his way in it much further than it was studied at schools in those days. He early betrayed a shy, shrinking habit, never resenting, but

rather retiring from insult or injury. He showed, too, a purity of thought and firmness of purpose unusual for youth, and could never bear to see any creature suffer. The simplicity of manners and rural beauty of his native town had much to do with the shaping of his intellect and character. That meeting with temptation, which makes the ordeal of less ethereal natures, he never experienced. He had a general distrust of human nature, which doubtless ripened as he knew more of it, and when, in later years, he came to know human life as it is, and saw the possible goodness and actual depravity of the race, it almost drove him mad. There are two characters in modern literary history whose boyhood was like his, Novalis and Shelley. They had the same sensitiveness, the same childlike simplicity, the same innocence and depth of thought, the same natural insight, the same spiritual feeling and aspiration. Belonging to the same age, each felt the throbbing of a more religious spirit than was then prevalent; each lived amid and knew more of the mysteries which are aback of reality, than of reality itself; and though their course in life was widely different, each had a secret affinity for the other.

We have already seen, that to "dwell in the still air of delightful studies," to meditate, not to act, was the part assigned to Percival in life. His poetic genius early showed itself. At the age of fourteen, he wrote a poem of considerable length, a burlesque on the times, in which the "Embargo" — a topic which Bryant made the subject of one of his earliest poems — was not forgotten. He also projected an epic, and under the *inspiration* (perhaps) of Thomson's Seasons, in his sixteenth year wrote the greater part of a poem which he entitled "Seasons of New England," and which, though bearing the marks of youth, is no unworthy prelude to his later works. In the same year he entered Yale College, poorly prepared in Latin, yet so largely stocked with knowledge and so rich in meditative energy, that his mind had already mapped out its future course. The following picture, from the pen of his room-mate* at Yale, is not without interest. "His manner of life while with us was something like what I am about to relate. On leaving the

* Rev. N. S. Wheaton, D. D.

breakfast-hall, he would go out on a long, solitary walk, in the suburbs, returning about an hour before the eleven-o'clock recitation, when he would steal silently into the chamber, unlock his desk, and write a few minutes, making a record, as we supposed, of the poetic inspirations which had visited him in his rambles. Having done this, he would return his paper to the desk, lock it, and take up the text-book of the subject of the next recitation. This he would look at for half an hour, silent and motionless, when he was fully prepared, whatever the subject might be. After tea, the solitary walk would be repeated, and sometimes prolonged till late in the evening. During all the time we were room-mates, he rarely took part in conversation, his mind seeming to be always preoccupied, and dwelling apart in a world of its own; yet he was uniformly amiable, and sometimes even cheerful; and would occasionally, when encouraged, read to us a few lines of what he had written. But it would be difficult, I think, to prove that, during his whole collegiate course, he ever unbosomed himself, even in the slightest degree, to any one of his companions. The inner history of his mind, *at this period*, will never be written."

He himself once said that he gained the respect of the Freshman class, by writing satirical verses against some of his classmates who had begun to persecute him.* In his Freshman year he had already by him a manuscript volume of poetry, which he first offered to Noah Webster, wishing him to sanction its publication; but Dr. Webster advised him to wait, and be in no hurry to publish it. He then handed it to General Howe, the leading bookseller in New Haven, but was met with such a cool estimate of his poetic ability, (his volume being unexamined,) that he silently withdrew. In allusion to this, his classmate, from whom we have just quoted, remarks: "This brought upon him the raillery of the college boys,—which deeply wounded his sensitive nature; and to a question from one of us as to the truth of the report, and some remark perhaps not complimentary to his discretion, he burst into a passionate flood of tears, and sobbed out, 'I don't care, I *will* be a poet.' After that, we were careful how we touched the ten-

* Vol. I. p. xviii.

der spot. His mortification was extreme, as much probably at the publicity of this youthful escapade as his failure to appear as an author. During the short remainder of the term, he seemed to shun, more than ever, all intercourse with the students, and at its close withdrew from college." He pleaded sickness as the cause, and resolved to give up his education and become a farmer; but the love of study conquered his disappointment, and he returned to college the following year, entering the next class. Ever after he was known in college by the nickname of "Poet." The first draft of "Prometheus" was read before the society of the Brothers in Unity, of which he was a member, in his Sophomore year, and caused much excitement in college at the time.* He also frequently sent in poetry anonymously, to be read at the society meetings, and generally gave his leisure hours to poetic composition. In his studies he was regular and faithful, but, from his modest manner, not appreciated; for recreation he often busied himself with the higher mathematics; he also made good the vacancies in his reading which his father's library could not supply; and though he devoted himself with zeal to the natural sciences, the languages had by far the best share of attention. His compositions were always listened to with interest, but he read them in so low a tone, as often to call out the remark from Dr. Dwight, "Read up louder, Percival; you have got nothing to be ashamed of." While he was delivering his oration at Commencement, Dr. Dwight said to a friend, that Percival was the most remarkable scholar he had known for many years, and gave him as his parting advice, that he must follow an active profession, or he would be a ruined man. The poet Brainerd and the Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany were his classmates, the latter of whom says, "Everybody looked upon him as a good-natured, sensitive, thoughtful, odd, gifted fellow." He had a perception almost intuitive, united with a never-failing memory. This not only gave him superiority as a student, but enabled him to keep in store everything which he learned. Nor did this trait suppress the action of original thought. Indeed, the leading fact which a classmate recollects of him is

* Vol. I. p. xix.

his originality and independence of mind ; and his vast stores, far from becoming disordered, were as trusty and exact as a dictionary.

After his separation from college, he looked out upon active life rather as one who must press into service to earn a living, than as a man who had a real zest for action. He first turned his attention to medicine, but devotion to literature and love of abstract science were even then struggling to win the energies of his life. Led on by a master passion,—the love of study for its own sake,—he engaged in study on a much broader scale than he had done before, and throughout life, amid trials which he could hardly withstand, his self-forgetting devotion to mental pursuits never lagged. Though his mind had such largeness and elasticity that he could take up many studies at the same time, he generally threw his whole soul into the subject at hand, until he had grasped its essence, and then seldom touched it again. In this way he soon compassed wide tracts of knowledge ; and as memory never failed him, his resources in such walks at length became almost marvellous. While Webster's Dictionary was passing through the press, if there were difficult points which no one else of the New Haven literati could throw light upon, Percival was the oracle resorted to, and his response taken as final. So he often had letters and visits, not only from all parts of the country, but even from Europe, with regard to knotty questions either in learning or science. He had both the industry and generosity of the scholar. No one came to him with questions of an answerable nature, and went away unsatisfied. One who had frequent occasion to make use of his kindness, and had as often tried to repay him, once managed, as he left him, to slip several dollars into his hand. But a few days after, passing by a bookstore which the poet used to frequent, he was called in, and received back the amount which he had given him.

Percival had no mean notions of the scholar's character ; the service of truth, the spread of knowledge, and the best interests of humanity were the objects which he not only proposed to himself, but actually lived for. He regarded the seclusion of his library as sacred ; if he had a call, he would step out

of his room and talk as long as his visitor wished; but that place where he lived a life far more intense than most men ever dream of, and gave himself up with energy to the fascinations of his favorite studies, he could not have profaned by "lion-hunters," nor even echo with the voice of friendship. A foppish young man, attended by ladies, once on a visit to the Hospital, where was Percival's room, wished to pay his respects to the poet. He was shown the way to his room, and knocked at the door. Percival quickly thrust his head out to see who had come. The young man, bowing politely, said, "Have I the honor of beholding the distinguished poet, Percival?" but the words were hardly spoken before the door was shut in his face, with an exclamation of contempt. He was ever kind to those who would consult him, but took the empty honors of the world as an insult. Aside from his studies, he kept up an interest on all matters of the day, and few were so generally or accurately read in the literature and events of his time. Whenever there was a chance to extend scientific knowledge by the explanation of new facts, his pen was in hand, and the New Haven newspapers amply testify to its use. But as he grew older he grew more fond of the great and earnest pursuits of the scholar. Many favorite plans, which he had spent nearly a lifetime in maturing, now demanded execution. The love of study, self-kindled in his youth, was now mingled with the desire to spend his strength upon an enduring work; the melancholy which had shaded his earlier years had now lost its gloom; he longed for a few years of unbroken devotion to his studies; he wished to build a small library, where he could pass the evening of his life in peaceful retirement. But he was not free from debt, and when Governor Barstow of Wisconsin offered him the post of State Geologist, he could not refuse. He stayed in Wisconsin a year, and then made a visit to New Haven. All the delight which ushers in the old age of the scholar seized him as he again saw his library at the Hospital, though now packed in boxes; it was sad to leave the consolations of study for the drudgery of scientific toil. Percival sought the advice of friends, but none advised him to stay, and he felt almost angry to find so little sympathy with the earnest feelings which now agitated his

inner life. If even one had besought him to remain, he would not have gone back ; but he had not yet completed his survey ; his pay was good ; he was in need of money ; they could not advise him otherwise ; and he went back, never to return.

To the study of medicine Percival was doubtless inclined by the example of his father. Soon after leaving college he began his studies with Dr. Ward, his father's successor in Berlin. The Doctor had a large medical library, and Percival asked leave to come and "look over his books." It was readily granted, and before the Doctor was up the next morning, his pupil was at the door waiting to begin his studies. During the day, as Dr. Ward passed in and out, he saw Percival apparently only fumbling over the books. He told him that he ought to take up the elementary books first ; but Percival gave no heed to his remark. Thus employed for several weeks, he at length inquired about the library of Dr. Ives, in New Haven. Dr. Ward now took him to task for spending his time without serious devotion to his studies. He replied, that he had looked over nearly all the books. The doctor then told him he should begin with Physiology, and took down a volume to show what he meant. Percival said he had looked that over ; and, to test his word, the Doctor asked a series of questions, to which he replied almost in the words of the book. The Doctor went through with his library in the same manner, and found that Percival had its contents at his tongue's end. He then studied with Dr. Ives, and took his degree at New Haven. At the request of friends he began practice in his native town. But while yet early in the practice, he was consulted in several cases of malignant fever which baffled his skill. A number of patients in the same family died in quick succession. This so affected his spirits that he refused further attendance. He soon found, too, that it was no easy matter to collect his bills. Being in need of money, he went the circuit to procure it. But one wished to pay him in farm produce, another thought his bill ought to be less, another pleaded hard times, still another was not at home ; and he returned so disgusted, that he threw his bills in the fire, and never practised again. He then turned his steps to New Haven, from which place a certain scientific lecturer, by the name of

Whitton, being about to sail for Charleston, Percival agreed to accompany and assist him in his lectures; but Percival's love of scientific accuracy and Whitton's mercurial temper soon obliged them to part. Percival now took an office in Charleston, intending to practise his profession; but unwilling, with no patients, to endure the restraints of an office, he locked his door, and gave himself to pursuits more congenial to his taste.

In connection with his medical studies botany was a favorite pursuit. One of his earliest poems, yet in manuscript, shows an insight into the secret language of flowers, a communing with their symbolic beauty, which is surprising in one so young. In his Senior year at college he studied botany with Dr. Ives, who still clings in his old age to his early love of the science. Botany was then in its infancy in this country. Colden, near the close of the last century, was among the first to introduce the Linnean system, and Muhlenberg, Barton, Elliott, and Ives were active disciples, gleaning what they could from books and nature. Pursh's "*Plants of North America*" had then just come out in London, and Dr. Ives engaged Percival to translate it for publication from the Latin; but after nearly completing the first volume, with a fortnight's constant labor, and when Dr. Ives had gained a large list of subscribers, he grew sick of his work and left it unfinished. He was, however, much pleased with the proposal that he should become curator of the botanical garden which Dr. Ives was just then starting at New Haven, and only a severe illness turned him from it. He afterwards delivered a course of lectures on botany, at Charleston, and always kept up his interest in the science, as both his poetry and love of solitary rambles sufficiently attest. It was a great delight to him, of a summer day, to take a long walk in company with a few intimate friends, and we have been told that he became almost another man amid the wild beauty of our scenery; but unless with those who had a kindred nature, he quenched his enthusiasm, and talked only as a man of science.

He made an epitome of Wilson's Ornithology while in college, and always had a quick eye to detect the habits and species of the lower orders of creation. He also made exten-

sive notes in geography, and by his translation of Malte-Brun has left an enduring monument to his knowledge and accuracy. He had made such wide incursions in the natural sciences, that, in 1827, no man was found better fitted to correct the scientific part of Webster's Dictionary, and even while a student had begun his researches in geology; yet before he begun his survey of Connecticut, he had kept the circle of science unbroken by a particular study of any one branch. Percival had no little pride in his geological discoveries, and his graduating oration on "The Comparative Value of a Scientific and Military Reputation," somewhat blindly prefigures his own destined path. He was a thorough and profound man of science; but, like so many leading minds, he *saw* farther than he could reach.

We have already alluded to his reports on matters of physical science. The last of them, on the Geology of Wisconsin, is only an abstract of a much more extensive work still in manuscript; but, in this abridged form, it describes with precision the exact relative position, and every nicety of distinction, of the rocks of the State. No such accuracy has been attempted in any of the other State reports. It is curious to observe the utter absence of any theories in this report. Percival said that he purposely avoided them, regarding it as his duty to present facts alone to the people; but that he had theories, and that his exhaustive collection of facts, especially in regard to the Trap, was made in order to verify theories which he did not divulge, he never denied. Many theories peculiar to himself have not stood the test of more recent scientific observation. The detection of the curvilinear (crescent form) arrangement of Trap, which he gives in detail in his report, is due to him alone. In a letter to Sir Charles Lyell, who came to see him when in the United States, dated October 23, 1843, he says, in allusion to efforts to rob him of this discovery: "This system of arrangement was long since observed by me, as early indeed as when my attention was first directed to geology, (when a student,) from the circumstance that my native place was in the very centre of the larger Trap formation of Connecticut." Alluding to the statement in his report, he says: "In the early part of 1837, I prepared a full report, (now in manuscript,) in which

I laid down my arrangement of the Trap in far more minute detail than in my published report." He was frequently employed to make explorations in various sections of the country, and if he had lived, his survey of Wisconsin would doubtless have been the keystone of his scientific fame. His accurate memory, minute research, active imagination, and good scientific judgment were the secret of his success.

Of Percival as a philologist, we will first let him speak for himself in a letter to Professor Ticknor, dated February 17, 1834:—

"When I was with you last, you asked me what languages I had read. I first repeated the languages in which I had read, but remarked that I had done so in connection with my study of German Philology. I did not profess to read them regularly. I then said that I read the Roman and Germanic languages with some ease, but particularly so, Italian, French, and German. Such is the fact, and, to avoid misstatement, I will now say that, beside Greek and Latin, I have studied most particularly Italian, French, and German,—in the next class, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish, and that, comparatively, in the order here given. I have been over the grammars of many other languages, and have read and translated them, more or less analytically. I have studied the Mithridates, and for several years have read what I have met on the subject of the affinities of languages with interest. To some extent, I have pursued comparative etymology. All this I have done, I may say truly, from the love of the pursuit, not for public display."

In the same letter he speaks of the Basque, of which he was then a "three days' scholar," and, though he had no dictionary, gives the translation of a Basque poem, with nearly two pages of notes. A week after, he gave an oral lecture before the Connecticut Academy of Arts, on the grammar of the same language:—

"In addition to the French, Italian, and Spanish of his earlier years, he delighted in constantly adding to his stores of German, ancient as well as modern, expressing in it his choicest thoughts and feelings. Not content with gratifying his romantic tastes through the study of the Gaelic and Welsh, and his curiosity and sympathy with the stern and heroic, by mastering the Norse, Danish, and Swedish, he was indefatigable in his devotion to the Slavonic tongues. . . . The Russians

were found to be unexpectedly interesting from the tenderness of sentiment among their peasantry; the vigor and spirit of the Polish did not disappoint him; the Hungarian Magyars were peculiar as well as wild; and in the Servians he took extreme delight.”*

There was indeed not a language or dialect (save the Turkish) of Modern Europe with which he was unacquainted, and in the modern languages of India he had made extensive studies. While in Wisconsin, he succeeded in learning something of the language and history of the Indians whom he met with.† Among the papers which he left is an unfinished English Grammar, and he is known to have spent much time in collecting materials for a universal grammar. He also made profound investigations in etymology, and has left many studies on this subject, which we hope some competent scholar will bring to light. He had great zest for hunting out the analogies and hidden origin of words, and one of the chief reasons why he could not revise Webster’s Dictionary through more than two letters of the alphabet was his pertinacity in having the etymology of every word correct. We state this fact as it is reported to us from New Haven, without intending in this place to throw any suspicion on the correctness of the etymologies of the twenty-four letters which remained. His love of accuracy and truth in the minutest things amounted almost to a passion. Indeed, an editor has told us that, when there happened to be mistakes of the printer in the numerous articles which he wrote for his paper, Percival often said that it almost made him sick. In the letter to Professor Ticknor from which we have already quoted, he says: “My object in studying languages has been mainly twofold, — to understand them analytically so as to catch the precise shades of meaning, particularly in all works of genius, and to learn their philological (etymological) relations and affinities. This last was what first interested me in the study of language, and I have never yet lost that interest.” He did not approve the mode of studying languages in our universities, but insisted that the sciences should precede languages, and the modern languages — those most akin to our mother tongue — should be studied before

* Vol. I. pp. xxxvii., xxxviii.

† Ibid., p. xxxi.

the ancient. In allusion to an exercise with which he often delighted his friends, he says:—

“In my view, the proper analytical study of other languages is one of the best means of giving copiousness and richness to one’s own. Let care be taken to put everything in genuine English, which will come the natural way, from good conversation and reading, and, as the only vehicle of thought, will, like a snow-ball, be constantly rolling itself up by inflection,—let the exact and nicest shades of meaning be gathered from analysis, and let these shades be embodied in our own idioms,—and one will come out from such a reading of Homer, for instance, with a world of English conquered. So I practised in reading Homer; and if I have truly possessed any freedom and copiousness of diction, as has been allowed me, I believe I am as much indebted for it to such a mode of studying language, as to any other cause.”

The result of his labors is far from being equal to his knowledge. He has left, in a complete form, an extensive series of imitations of the verse of different languages, under the title of “*Studies in Verse*,” in the Preface to which he writes: “I do not claim for these imitations anything like an exact correspondence with the original metre, but they may serve to show, perhaps, that our language is not entirely destitute of that almost universal musical flexibility which has been claimed for the German.” These “*Studies*” are in imitation of the following languages,—Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Italian, French, German, Gaelic, Welsh, Danish, Swedish, Scottish, Norse, Flemish, Finnish, Bohemian, Servian, and Russian. He also composed frequently in German, Italian, and Danish, and Dr. Follen, who saw his German poetry, said that many stanzas were perfect, and that there were few mistakes of idiom. He wrote many Germanic odes in the *Wisconsin papers*, and was very popular with the Germans in that State; but perhaps his Danish ode to Ole Bull is best known. It was eight stanzas in length, and was written after hearing Ole Bull at a concert in New Haven, June 10, 1844. He also published an extended series of translations from the Slavonic, Germanic, and Romanic languages, with elaborate notes, in the *New Haven papers*, and at one time printed many translations from the older Greek and Latin lyric poets; but perhaps his best translations are yet unpublished, especially that of *Prome-*

theus, which he once told a friend was the best thing he ever wrote, and of which he has himself written as follows: "In July, 1823, I wrote out a rough sketch of the Prometheus Bound of Æschylus. I wrote down my version as fast as I proceeded in the interpretation, and then put it by unreviewed, *in scriniis*, where it has remained till now [1833]; consequently, beyond the legitimate period of nine years. I did not aim to give a refined or embellished translation, nor one closely literal, but by a somewhat free, yet faithful, and what seemed to me no unfitting paraphrase, to give, plainly and boldly, the Titanic force and majesty of the original." As a transfusion of the tragedy, bringing out the very spirit and presence of the original characters, and touching the sympathy of the reader, it has perhaps no superior in English literature. Percival imparted to his translations the soul of the original, and some of his translations from the leading German poets are as fine as any.

Percival's purity of diction even as compared with that of his contemporaries was remarkable; and few have ever had such a gift of writing in pictures. His imagination, though without the condensed vigor of Dana's, could yet sustain a loftier flight, and his fancy had a tireless activity. He imparted to his poetry those minute touches which reveal the man of science, and that pure ecstasy of being which arises from close communion with nature. He had the rare ability of consecrating the familiar, by the magic of poetic coloring, and is surpassed by none in his paintings of natural scenery. But he is not merely a painter,—he throws his own soul into his soliloquies with Nature. While Wordsworth awakens a feeling of grandeur, and ever hears "the still sad music of humanity" amid his holiest contemplations, Percival feels a kind of child-like delight, and love and beauty—not the murmur of the world he has left—attend and inspire him in his woodland meditations. He brings our choicest feelings into sympathy with natural beauty, and by his love of Nature reveals to us those mysteries of the soul, which, in some hidden way, have connection with it. His more earnest and individual poems are full of spiritual meaning. He held that poetry was closely allied to religion, "that it should live only in those feelings

and imaginations which are above this world, and are the anticipations of a brighter and better being," and so abstracted it from the realities of common life, that few without a kindred nature can enter deeply into its spirit. He wrote to express his own emotions and thoughts; he longed to grasp that ideal of beauty, goodness, and truth, which ever beckoned him on in its pursuit. His poetry is often the creation of purely Platonic beauty; while under its spell, we lose all consciousness of passion, and live in an atmosphere of purity and love. One who has once caught its spirit will thence date the possession of higher thoughts, and far deeper, purer sensibility. His glowing eye, at times flashing out a strange meaning, was but the outward token of that inward sight whose readings he could impart through poetry alone. His sonnets, full of condensed meaning, far surpassing those of Wordsworth in grace and beauty, and subdued by the "sweet, silent thought" which welled out from his inner life, give us a clear insight into the nature of one, who, as he truly calls himself, was a

"Lone reader of the woods, the waters, and the skies."

In his descriptions of natural scenery, he succeeds in giving voice to those peculiar feelings which, from very joy, we are always unable to express. In his pictures of the clouds, we read the secrets of the skies, translated into common speech. Language, indeed, was ever plastic in his hands; and except Coleridge and Shelley, we know of no poet in the language who had more melody in his soul. The comparison with Coleridge holds in more points than one. If he were the first of our poets in creative power, he was Coleridge's rival in carelessness of completing what he worked upon. He saw so much in a subject, that, unless it were of the smallest compass, he always left it incomplete. Except his lyrics, there is hardly a poem which has the orderly arrangement and careful finish of inferior men. He himself wrote, in 1823: "In all the mass of poetry that I have written, there is not a single article that was not written hastily, and published without anything like a careful revision, — some of them almost exactly word for word as they were first conceived." Amid his constant poverty and inward struggles, although he often de-

signed it, he had no chance leisurely to conceive and execute a work in which all his powers could be brought into play. Hence much of his poetry has the defect of impromptu writing, and, with all its brilliant succession of ever-varying imagery, its "linked sweetness long drawn out," and its firm energy and simplicity of language, often leaves but a confused impression upon the mind.

Percival is often spoken of as a most eccentric man, and the flying stories relating to the more tragic passages of his life gave him no slight annoyance. He had a native melancholy, which imparted to his character a gentle, and at times deep sadness. In early life this was increased by unusual power of feeling. So keen was his enjoyment, and so bitter his grief, that he never found those to whom he dared to disclose the emotions of his boyhood, and he once told an intimate friend that he knew only two women before he entered college,—his mother and a domestic in the family. As he grew up, conscious of higher thoughts than ruled the lives of others, and bearing with ill grace the sight of depravity, his feelings withdrew him still more from intercourse with men. The forest, the flowers, and all animate nature were more congenial to his thoughts; his sensitive nature showed itself in a passionate love of beauty and truth; and we need only read his early musings and poetic pictures of the working of love in character, to see the fiery energy of feeling within his own breast. For woman, he had all a poet's love, but no common woman could hope to reach his ideal; he sought those who would sympathize with his inner life, but found them not; no doubt many of his lyrics were the record of actual experience, but the current stories about his disappointment are false. Manhood, though shaded by faults, was ever uppermost in his character, and he did not give way to unrequited love. Had he met with one who united strength of mind with delicacy of feeling, he would have been a far different man; the repression of those sympathies which reach their full in love, was doubtless the hardest trial he ever endured. But his seclusion was determined still more by his love of scholarly pursuits. His wealth of feeling spent itself in a most passionate devotion to study. He delighted to amass literary treas-

ures, and used all his available funds in enriching his library. This was very miscellaneous, containing curious and quaint works in all languages, and especially full in books on philology and theology. It would seem that he bought every singular theological treatise he could lay hands on. There were also numerous geological reports, works on geography, and the leading poets in all languages. But he had read so widely and with such distinct impressions, that his library was chiefly filled with those works which made good the gaps in his own knowledge. He hardly cut the leaves of his books, and it is curious to find his Greek tragedies — books often in his hands — just as they came from the press. He read faster than another could count the lines upon the page, and did not need to look at a book the second time. But perhaps his wide range of information, taken in connection with his freedom from worldly cares and amazing memory, is not surprising. He worked as often during the night as in the day, and took sleep only when nature imperatively demanded it. While writing he had a habit of biting his nails, and was so sensitive to noise that at one time a fiddling Frenchman, at another, the pounding of shoemakers, drove him from his room. Though he shunned society, in the company of friends few were more talkative and genial. He was seldom seen in the streets except before sunrise and at early twilight. This habit reminds us of the frequency with which pictures of the rising and setting sun appear in his poetry. Though he put on a certain calmness and dignity in the crowd, and was looked up to as one who had intellectual secrets apart from his fellows, his simplicity and modesty gained the respect of those who knew him only by sight.

He had a strong love of country, and his national sympathy easily kindled into a flame. In the election of General Harrison he was intensely active. His Whig songs were written under full inspiration, and have more than a local worth; even now they glow with fiery feeling. In his interest in the campaign, he forgot his reserve; was seldom absent from the meetings; and after the election, at a party ovation, where he was lustily cheered for his songs, he made a short speech, which he said was the first he ever made in his life. But his

patriotism was not confined to party. Who that has ever read it will ever forget "New England"? His numerous Odes on Independence ring with true tones; and we do not forget how often the struggles of Greece, of Italy, and of South America were re-lived in his lyric sympathy. He also had that breadth of vision which belongs to the statesman, and was thoroughly conversant with the history, basis, and spirit of our government. He once wrote many anonymous papers on national politics, remarkable for their acuteness and foresight, and it is not generally known that some of the wittiest thrusts at the shams of the day came from his pen. He was neither wit nor humorist, yet, when deeply moved, often let fly arrows which did not miss their mark; and we have seen poems of his, in which the very bedlam of wit seems let loose. An instance of this is the article which he wrote on "Nosology versus Phrenology." Its effect upon the sensitive feelings of Dr. Barber, a phrenologist then lecturing at New Haven, against whom it was written, was so great, that the Doctor himself avowed that he did not dare to repeat his lectures.

He had no small degree of intellectual pride; and confidently believed, that his poetry would one day receive the attention which it deserved. This he not only confessed to his most intimate friends, but frequently expressed in his works. The whole tenor of "The Mind" is that of reverence and earnest sympathy with lonely men of genius, especially at the close, where Dante assures him of poverty and future fame; and the same hopeful trust is repeated in "The Dream of a Day." Nearly allied to his poetical gifts was his love of music, in which he was a proficient performer. In conversation, the fulness of his knowledge, his ready memory, and the ability to tell what others knew not, made his remarks of unusual value; but the talking was nearly all on his side. He would listen to no question, when once fairly under way; and if his friends wished to speak, they had to wait till he finished. In early youth, he talked but seldom, unless he met with those whom he knew would justly appreciate his thoughts; in later years, as he had little consciousness of time, his talks were apt to be wearisome; and, if one asked him a question, he might get a treatise in reply. His conversation was rich in original

thought, and had a kind of inward logic. "If opinions opposite to his own were advanced, he would listen calmly to the arguments by which they were sustained, replying in a ready and ingenious manner, but maintaining his own opinions with great firmness."* In company with a few friends,—among whom we may mention Dr. North, Mr. Augur the sculptor, and Dr. Wm. Tully,—all recently deceased, and men of similar turn of mind with himself,—he often spent his evenings, or rather a great part of the night. Perhaps, about midnight, Percival would think of going home; and, their talk unfinished, Dr. North would accompany him. Still talking, Percival would then return with Dr. North, often repeating the walk several times; and at their sittings morning would not unfrequently break in upon them.

"In figure, Percival was somewhat tall, and thin almost to emaciation; his forehead was high, his nose prominent, his lips thin and mobile, his face oval, and his complexion pale, inclining to sallow. But his eye betokened, even to a casual observer, the presence of rare genius. It was flashing and deep-glowing, like the diamond. Its color was blue-grey, its vision far-searching, yet microscopically minute. Nothing seemed to escape his observation. It was the eye equally of the naturalist and the poet."† "He commonly talked in a mild, unimpassioned undertone, but just above a whisper, letting his voice sink with rather a pleasing cadence at the completion of each sentence. Even when most animated, he used no gesture, except a movement of the first and second fingers of his right hand backward and forward across the palm of the left, meantime following their monotonous unrest with his eyes, and rarely meeting the gaze of his interlocutor."

He was a naturally religious man. He saw deeply into the nature of things, and had a kind of intuitive communion with spiritual truth. He found in the strictness and severity of religious thought, which characterized his time, little that was congenial to his indwelling spirit. A religion of fear seemed to him, in some measure, to belong to the Church; and, like so many other ingenuous minds, he made in youth an earnest effort to find out a system of worship superior to what he saw about him; but he had no bitterness of spirit, no desire to uproot the faith of others, and rarely spoke to any one on

* Vol. I. p. xlviii.

† Ibid., p. xxxiv.

the subject. His "Prometheus" has many revelations of his spiritual condition, when scepticism had strong hold of him ; but "the defenders of the faith" saw only bugbears, when they attacked him so severely in the reviews. He never connected himself with any form of worship, and was but seldom seen at church. He has himself given his *Credo* : "Philosophy, Religion, and Poetry sit enthroned as a spiritual trinity in the shrine of our highest nature. The perfect vision of all-embracing truth, the vital feeling of all-blessing good, and the living conception of all-gracing beauty, — they form, united, the Divinity of Pure Reason." During his last days, those whom he met "regarded him almost in the light of a sinless being" ;* his mastery of himself was seldom lost ; but only in his poetry can we gain insight into that spiritual life which he never spoke of to his friends ; for he has said, "True poetry should be a holy thing, like true philosophy and true religion, — the product only of our highest intellectual and moral nature," — and he wrote in this spirit. As he ripened in years, the scepticism of his youth changed to trust and hope, and the gentler feelings of his nature gushed out in full sympathy with children, social intercourse, and religious truth. One who was with him at the close of his life has told us : "I often heard him remark, that, if we did our duty faithfully here, we should receive the approbation of our Almighty Father."

* Vol. I. p. xxxiii.

ART. VI. — THE BOOK OF JOB.

1. *The Book of Job, a Translation of the Original Hebrew on the Basis of the Common and Earlier English Versions in Parallel Columns with the Hebrew Text and the Common English Version. With Critical and Philological Notes. For the American Bible Union.* By THOMAS J. CONANT, D.D., Professor of Sacred Literature in Rochester Theological Seminary. New York: American Bible Union, &c. 1856.
2. *The Book of Job, a Translation from the Original Hebrew, &c., with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes for the English Reader. For the American Bible Union.* By THOMAS J. CONANT, Professor, &c. New York: American Bible Union. 1857.

THE American Bible Union is a society consisting chiefly of members of the Baptist denomination, and formed for the express object of revising the Common Version of the Bible. It appeared two or three years ago, from a statement of one of the Presidents of the association, that between one and two hundred thousand dollars had already been raised and expended in the promotion of the work. The only completed results of this marvellous expenditure of money are a revised translation of the Book of Job, and of one or two books of the New Testament. The revised translation of Job is in two forms; one accompanied with the Hebrew text and King James's Version in parallel columns, with notes philological, the other having only an Introduction and notes expository for the English reader. The translation itself is the same in both forms.

The translation of Job was intrusted by the Union to one having a very good knowledge of the Hebrew language. We are happy in this case not to be obliged to expose philological blunders, ignorance of the grammar and idioms of the original language, and evident indications of haste and carelessness. This is no "Yahveh Christ" affair. On the contrary, Dr. Conant, by his knowledge of the Hebrew and his study of all the recent German commentaries on the book, has produced a work which, in reference to its philology, must hold a respectable rank. To many passages, which are unintelligible or ob-

scure in the Common Version, he has given a clear and satisfactory meaning, by substituting the true for the false rendering of the original. The philological notes give good evidence of his Hebrew scholarship.

Besides a thorough knowledge of the original, two other qualifications are wanted in an expositor and translator of the Scriptures. First, sagacity and judgment in the application of the principles of interpretation, and, secondly, taste and skill in representing the meaning in English. In respect to these qualifications we have not received so favorable an impression from the work, as in respect to the translator's knowledge of Hebrew words and idioms. At least our judgment is different from his, in regard to the meaning of a good many passages.

Our limits will not allow us to go into much discussion; but in regard to ch. xix. 25, &c., we cannot help expressing our astonishment that, in view of all the expositions of the passage by learned commentators for the last three hundred years, Dr. Conant should (p. 39) regard it as Messianic. His supposition, too, that the passage describes Job's confidence in a blessed immortality of the soul in its state of separation from the body, seems to us to contradict the descriptions of Sheol, or the state of the dead, which Job is represented as giving in other parts of the book, and to be inconsistent with the connection in verse 23, and with the whole plan, conduct, and *dénouement* of the poem. Dr. Conant says, "The common interpretation is, confessedly, the natural import of the words." This is a very loose critical remark, for two reasons. First, Dr. Conant himself does not adopt what he calls the "common interpretation." The "common interpretation" makes the passage refer to the resurrection of the body at the second coming of Christ, while Dr. Conant explains it of the immortality of the soul, separate from the body, — a very different thing. Secondly, the literal meaning of the words might appear the "natural import" to a reader of the nineteenth century, taking the words by themselves, and having no acquaintance with the opinions of the ancient Hebrews, while the hyperbolical meaning, which supposes it to represent Job, reduced by disease to a mere skele-

ton, as trusting "to see God" in the present life, may seem the "natural import" to one who has a regard to the connection, to the contents of the whole poem, and to the opinions of the ancient Hebrews respecting the state of the soul in Sheol. To us the opinion of Dr. Conant appears to conflict with various passages of the poem more than "the common interpretation," which refers the passage to the resurrection of the body.

But it is in reference to our third-named qualification of a translator that Dr. Conant appears to us most deficient; namely, taste and skill in the mode of representing the sense of the original in English. We do not forget that he may be right and we wrong; but our duty obliges us to say what we think and feel. His translation seems to us to have nothing of the savor and spirit of the Common Version. Where the original requires a different sense, Dr. Conant's renderings do not chime in with the language of King James's Version. And where the meaning is not at all, or not materially, changed, his alterations seem to us very often for the worse, and sometimes even to exhibit bad English. As far as we can judge, this arises sometimes from a slavishly literal rendering, and sometimes from the peculiar taste of the translator. As we do not wish our readers to rely solely on *our* judgment or taste, we feel bound to give a considerable number of illustrations of what we mean.

In ch. i. 11, why should Dr. Conant introduce the pure Hebraism, "if he will not renounce thee, to thy face," instead of the plain English, "to thy face he will renounce thee"? In iii. 11, "Why died I not from the womb? why did I not give up the ghost?" &c., by omitting the "*why did I not*" from the second clause, he has obscured the sense and departed from the English idiom. In iii. 19, why is not the majestic language of the Common Version, "The small and great are there," as good as "Small and great, both are there"? In iii. 23, "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God has hedged in?" the omission of what the Common Version has in italics, "*Why is light given,*" has no effect but to confuse the reader, and especially the hearer. So, too, the alteration of the last clause of the verse from the

Common Version into "And God hedgeth about him," has, in connection with the preceding line, no effect but to make bad English out of good. The alteration of verse 25 from the reading of the Common Version into "I feared evil, and it has overtaken me," merely substitutes the Hebrew for the English idiom. In iv. 19, does Dr. Conant's rendering, "Much more they," &c., make sense in connection with the preceding verses? We think not. In v. 8, "But I, to God would I seek," is not true to the English, however it may be to the Hebrew idiom. In v. 9, why is "things wonderful, without number," so much better than "marvellous things without number," as to make a change necessary? In v. 13, why is the verse enfeebled by substituting the primary sense, "is made hasty," for the well-authorized secondary sense of the Common Version, "is carried headlong"?

In ch. v. 16, why is not "So the poor hath hope" at least as good English as "Thus there is hope to," &c.? In vi. 5, "lows the ox *at* his fodder" is not so expressive, nor so close to the original, as "loweth the ox *over* his fodder." In vi. 8, "O that my request might come, and that God would grant my longing," is a rendering very inferior to that of the Common Version. In vii. 3, is "So I am allotted months of wretchedness" better English than "So I am made to possess," &c.? In vii. 16, is "Cease from me!" more intelligible than "Let me alone!"? In viii. 16, is not "He, in the face of the sun, is green," a clumsier expression than "He is green before the sun"? In xii. 19, there was no good reason for substituting the feeble term "long established" for "mighty." In xiii. 3, "But I, to the Almighty will I speak," is not true to the English idiom, however it may be to the Hebrew. The same remark applies to verse 4, "But ye,—forgers of lies, botchers of vanities, are ye all." In xvi. 16, "*a* death shade," and xvi. 19, "my attestor," are bad enough. In xvi. 20, the rendering, "My mockers are my friends," presents a wrong collocation of the words. In xvi. 22, in the rendering, "For a few years will pass *and* I shall go the way that I return not," instead of "*When* a few years shall pass, I shall go," &c., the translator merely substitutes the Hebrew for the English idiom. In xvii. 3, a phrase unintelligible

without explanation, "Who is there that will give his hand for mine?" is substituted for an intelligible one. In xvii. 7, why is "my members all of them" better than "all my members"? In xvii. 6, could not the translator find a less voluminous and clumsy expression than "I am become one to be spit upon in the face," and, in the next verse, why is "*bedimmed* with grief" better than "dim by reason of sorrow"? In xvii. 12, "Light is just before darkness," is a very bad rendering to express the idea that light borders on darkness, or will soon be merged in it.

A sudden change of persons from the first and second to the third is a well-known Hebrew idiom, which it appears to us idle to attempt to express literally in our language. Thus xiii. 28, should be translated, "*And I*, as a rotten thing, shall waste away," &c., not, "And he," &c., as Dr. Conant and the Common Version have it. So in xviii. 3, instead of "*One* teareth himself in his rage! For thee shall the earth be forsaken," &c., how much better to adopt the English idiom at once, and avoid the necessity of a foot-note, — "*Thou* that tearest *thyself* in thy rage! Shall the earth be forsaken for thee?" &c. So in xxii. 17, it is much better to say, "What can the Almighty do to, or for, *us*?" than, with Dr. Conant and the Common Version, "to or for *them*." Other instances of bad English, or of phraseology inferior to that of the Common Version, are the following: — xviii. 6, "The light *darkens* in his tent"; xviii. 17, "He has no name on the face of the fields"; xix. 10, "My hope he uproots like *the* tree," — a mere Hebraism; xx. 15, "but shall disgorge them; God shall *dispossess* them from his belly." Again, what confusion worse confounded meets us in Dr. Conant's rendering of xx. 18, "The fruit of toil he restores and shall not devour, as his borrowed possession, and shall not rejoice in it"! In xxi. 5, "And lay *the* hand on *the* mouth," is poor. So is, "And behold the summit of the stars, how high!" in xxii. 12. In xxiii. 10, "I shall come forth as *the* gold," we have another substitution of the Hebrew for the English idiom. In xxv. 6, "What is man, *a grub*!" needs no comment from us. In xxvi. 10, "Unto the limit of light with darkness," is not intelligible English. In xxviii. 11, "And *the hidden* he

brings to light," is not idiomatic English, at least out of the province of metaphysics. In xxix. 3, by not supplying "*and when*" before the second clause of the verse, Dr. Conant has perverted the sense for every hearer, and for most readers. The same thing occurs in xxix. 5. In xxix. 11, according to the well-known use of the Hebrew conjunction to introduce the apodosis of a sentence, the beautiful rendering of the Common Version, "*When* the ear heard me, *then* it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me," is much more probable than that of Dr. Conant, — "For the ear heard, *and* blessed me, and the eye saw, *and* witnessed for me."

In xxxi. 26 and 28, "If I saw the sun, *how* it shined," "This too were a crime to be judged," renderings in all respects inferior, are substituted for those of the Common Version. In xxxiv. 6, "My arrow is fatal, without transgression," is not good English to express the meaning, "The arrow that pierced me is fatal," &c. The English idiom requires, "My wound is fatal or incurable," &c. Of course there can be no doubt about the meaning. In xxxiv. 19, by omitting the words, "How much less," which the Common Version supplies, Dr. Conant has made the verse nearly unintelligible to a hearer, if not to a reader. What in the world led Dr. Conant to substitute, "Here are we!" for "Here we are!" in xxxviii. 35. In xxxviii. 37, Dr. Conant renders, "Who *inclines* the bottles of the heavens?" By a well-known figure of speech, "Who pours out," &c. is perfectly justifiable. In xxxix. 17, we have, "And given her *no share in* understanding"; in xli. 11, "Under the whole heavens, *it* is mine"; in xli. 12, "and *bruited* strength"; in xli. 17, "Each is attached to its fellow," — a mere Hebraism; and in xli. 20, "like a kettle with kindled reeds." On these renderings no comment is needed.

We might adduce in great abundance similar instances of what we regard as want of taste, skill, and judgment in the work we have been examining. But we cannot think it necessary. While, therefore, we give credit to the author for sound Hebrew scholarship, and regard many of his notes as valuable, we are driven to the conclusion that, for popular use, his version is a decided failure.

ART. VII.—THE WAR AND THE PEACE.

1. EDMOND ABOUT,—*The Roman Question*, translated by MRS. WOOD. Boston. 1859.
2. *L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie*. Paris. 1859.
3. *Manin et l'Italie*. Paris. 1859.
4. *Le Pape, l'Autriche, et l'Italie*. Par JULES PAULET. Paris. 1859.
5. EMILE DE GIRARDIN,—*L'Équilibre Européen*. Paris. 1859.
6. GEORGE SAND,—*La Guerre*. Paris. 1859.

A NEW-ENGLAND politician, when urged to declare his preference between two candidates for the Presidency, while it was yet too early to conjecture which of the rivals would prove himself the favorite of Providence by the decisive test of success, replied, that he chose to "await the ulterior bias of future events." To every question that suggests itself respecting the probable results of the late extraordinary war in Italy, and the yet more extraordinary peace which terminated it, we are much inclined, if not to use the same phraseology, to make, substantially, a similar answer.

There is, indeed, a like uncertainty about all the movements of the remarkable personage who presents Imperial Majesty in the serio-comic drama called "Modern France." Whether the Emperor ever means just what he says, whether he means little when he says much, or means much when he says little,—these are points on which the next generation may possibly be better informed than this. Thus far, however, there has been, pretty uniformly, a strange apparent discrepancy between what lawyers call, in legal proceedings, his *allegata* and his *probata*, or, as the *lay gents* say, his promise and his performance. His admirers allege that his seeming short-comings are but a *deceptio visus*, and they argue, as convincingly as did Lord Peter, to show that the substance is present, though the accidents be wanting. And if he to whom a fish has been promised, complains that he has received a reptile when he expected a salmon or a turbot, they comfort him by demonstrating that the wriggling vertebrate is not a serpent, but, unequivocally, an eel.

According to the exegesis of these expounders of sover-

eign rescripts, the phrase, "Italy free to the Alps and the Adriatic," is simply a *manière de dire*, a Pickwickian expression, which, interpreted by the light of the famous pamphlet, "The Emperor Napoléon III. and Italy," notoriously an efflux of imperial inspiration, means "the Mincio for a frontier, and an Italian confederation animated by the Papacy, and administered and controlled by Austria." If then Sardinia, and Venetia, and Lombardy, and Tuscany, and Romagna, are disappointed at the result, they have only to blame their own dulness of apprehension for not comprehending the true sense of engagements, which, to those who had duly studied the oracular pamphlet, was so plain that he who runs might read. This is, however, not the interpretation which the Emperor himself, just now, puts on his own words, though it may answer as a reserve to fall back upon hereafter, in case of emergency.

But in the midst of all this uncertainty of the present and the future, there are some very prominent facts, in the near and in the distant past, to which it is important to draw the attention of our readers.

One of the most striking and significant circumstances connected with the recent peace is, that the two Emperors ascribe their common failure in carrying out, to the letter, their respective programmes,—the one, of "conquest and annexation, to the Var," the other, of "the expulsion of the house of Hapsburg from Italy,"—to one cause, the treachery of their "allies," both meaning the *same* allies, namely England and Prussia. Whether the concord between the jeremiades of the two Majesties, the apostolic and the unanointed, proves them to be separate parts of a well-concerted composition, or whether the sovereigns in their concluding voluntaries have accidentally run into the same set of harmonies, is at present doubtful; but the coincidence between the imperial manifestos is rather ominous, and certainly lends some countenance to the suspicion of a private understanding between the autocrats, in virtue of which perfidious Albion and tardy Prussia may be called to account for their delinquencies, Russia benevolently standing by, to see fair play and help the strongest.

What is not less remarkable is the fact that both the com-

plainants are quite in the right, for both have been deserted by those who ought to have been, or who pretended to be, their allies.

When Napoleon proclaimed the principle of national independence and self-government as the foundation of European general polity, and offered to take upon himself the responsibility of establishing it, and at the same time of extirpating the foul incubus which has, for centuries, so heavily oppressed the liberties of the Continent, — the secular power of the Papacy, — he had a right to demand that Protestant and progressive England and Prussia should aid him with at least their moral influence, as promptly and as cordially as did either of them in his usurpation of the French throne. He had, we repeat, the right to *demand* this of powers, whose refusal to afford such countenance would be a base betrayal of the principles which lie at the root of all that is great and all that is excellent in the history of either. And England, at least, independently of any obligations implied in her present relations with France, had been long committed, by the nearly unanimous voice of her people and the authoritative declarations of her Ministry, to the principle of the surrender of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom by Austria, and the independence of the Italian states.

On the other hand, the expectations of Austria had as well-grounded, if not as just, a foundation. England and Prussia were parties to the iniquitous arrangement of 1815, by which Lombardy and Venice, after the Emperor Francis and his generals had disarmed their hostility by promising them liberty and independence, were subjected to the hated Austrian yoke; they had both tacitly assented to the treaties, nominally secret, but well known to every diplomatist, by which Austria had secured to herself ultimate accession to the sovereignty of several of the lesser Italian duchies, and had bound the king of Naples to the perpetual maintenance of the detestable tyranny which has so long trodden in the dust the people of the Two Sicilies; they had formally and officially approved the forcible overthrow of the Roman Republic in 1849, and the restoration of the treacherous and malignant pontiff, who was first to set the ball of revolution in motion,

by affecting to favor the principles of liberal government, and the first to sacrifice those who had been deceived by his professions; and they had acquiesced in the Austrian occupation of Romagna, with all its murderous cruelties, as well as in the garrisoning of the fortresses of Tuscany by Austrian myrmidons, for the entire period which has elapsed since the disastrous events of 1849.

Such was the joint position of England and Prussia with respect to the Austrian empire and its tyrannical and aggressive policy. And what were their individual relations with that power?

England, though committed to the principle of Italian independence, had limited her *action* to an expression of the opinion, that Austria could not quietly and peaceably maintain possession of Northern Italy; and whenever any question of the *right* of Austria to do wrong has assumed a practical shape, England has always ranged herself on the side of the oppressor. Nay, she has uniformly treated Austria, in the *direct* relations between them, with the most humiliating, grovelling deference. Her post-office, when required, has served as a *bureau d'espionnage* for the Austrian political inquisition. British subjects have often been wantonly insulted, beaten, imprisoned, by the petty authorities of Austria, both in her own legal territory and in provinces "protected" by her, without even a demand for redress on the part of their own government; and in the Mather case it was finally settled, after much negotiation, that if an Austrian official prefers the more summary course of cutting down in a public street an Englishman who ventures to wear an unsized hat, or to walk out without a taxed cigar in his mouth, the *weregild* shall be a thousand francesconi, which, considering the difference in the value of money, is about the price of a Saxon churl in the glorious days of the Danish dynasty in England. And, finally, when in the Crimean war France wished to compel that selfish and unprincipled power to aid the Allies in the contest undertaken by them for the common defence of Europe, — and less for that of Turkey than of Austria in resisting an invasion the success of which would have infallibly deprived her of her Slavonic provinces, and of the navigation of the Danube, — England inter-

ferred to protect her, and even encouraged her in occupying, plundering, and brutally oppressing large and fertile provinces of the Turkish empire. So much for the antecedents of England. Add to this, that though the British envoy at Turin, himself an enemy to the policy of Sardinia and the liberation of Italy, had proved to his government that the discontent of the enslaved Lombards arose, not from Sardinian intrigue, but from grinding oppression, and the unfavorable comparison which they were hourly forced to make between their own wretched condition and the prosperity of their emancipated neighbors, yet the Ministry persisted in charging the whole responsibility of Italian disaffection upon the Sardinian government, and made it a crime that she was arming in her own defence, while her enemy was gathering hundreds of thousands upon her defenceless frontier to crush her at a blow. Austria knew, too, that the personal sympathies of the British oligarchy were with her and her cause; and knowing that the British people, with a culpable indifference to their duties as a free and self-governing nation, habitually leave the management of their foreign affairs in the hands of that oligarchy, she was fully warranted in expecting, in spite of formal remonstrances faintly urged by the Derby Ministry, for the obvious purpose of soothing the torpid political conscience of the nation, that she should have the moral support, and probably the material aid, of the British empire in her meditated conquest of Sardinia.

She had even stronger reasons for relying with entire confidence on prompt and efficient support, not from Prussia only, but from all Germany. All the arbitrary and violent interferences of the Empire in the affairs of the minor German states, within the last forty years, had been encouraged, or at least winked at, by the leading powers of that nation; every evidence of increasing Austrian strength, and every exercise of yet more galling tyranny in its non-German territory, had been hailed with exultation as a fresh manifestation of that "German nationality" which was so prominent an object in the maudlin dreams of the king of Prussia, though he wanted the courage to clutch its sceptre when it hovered within his grasp; the feeble protests of Prussia against the commencement of an

offensive war by Austria were more than neutralized by direct and unqualified assurances, that Prussia would not see her "weakened" by changes in her "territorial circumscription";* and when Francis Joseph began his preparations for the subjugation of Sardinia, there rung out a savage war-whoop, wherever "die Deutsche Zunge klingt," and every Teuton, from the Baltic to the Alps, from the prince on the throne to the cobbler on his bench, was burning to join in the infamous *Knechtschaftskrieg* about to be waged by a remorseless tyrant, for the sole purpose of extinguishing the only spark of liberty that yet glimmered in the Italian peninsula.

While, therefore, the honor, the duty, the most sacred interests of England and Prussia, gave to Napoleon a right to require their aid in the accomplishment of the great and beneficent objects which he solemnly declared to be his only aim, it is plain that the conduct and the professions of both entitle Austria to expect their support in defeating the realization of those objects.

Voltaire satirized, a century since, the strange indifference of European monarchs to the interests and the liberties of their co-religionists in the territories of each other. A Catholic prince, who tolerated no schism among his own subjects, was often ready to foster a Protestant insurrection in an adjacent state, of his own religious faith, because it might weaken a too powerful rival; and a Protestant monarch might find sufficient reasons for discouraging that same insurrection, in the fear that the native government would exhaust its strength in suppressing it, instead of spending its energies in annoying a more obnoxious or a more dangerous neighbor.

England and Prussia have not precisely the same motives for the disgraceful part they have played in refusing the slightest encouragement to measures, which, if countenanced and supported by them, would most certainly have resulted in the religious as well as the political emancipation of the European continent. The English nobility look upon Austria as the great enemy of republicanism, and the champion of

* This mawkish diplomatic galimatias, from the circular of Count Schleinitz, means, of course, that Prussia would help her to defend anything she thought worth keeping.

oligarchical rule; and they believe that her overthrow, or an essential reduction of her strength, would endanger the principle of hereditary aristocracy, as an element in the *legitimate* frame of government in Europe. In France, aristocracy exists but in name, and though the British nobility hailed the extinction of the French Republic by Napoleon III. with rapturous applause, yet he has sadly disappointed them by restoring the throne without creating a privileged class to control it, and without giving any real, substantial importance to descent and title. The Empire is now regarded by them, not as a "finality," but as essentially a revolutionary, much more than a conservative power, and hence it is with them almost as much a *bête noire* as the Republic it superseded. In aid of this position of the aristocracy comes the *popular* jealousy of France, and a fear of the rapidly growing military power and efficiency of that formidable state, which makes every Englishman shrink from participating in any policy that could increase the prestige with which the arms of France are now invested, or create for her Emperor a personal claim upon the gratitude and respect of Europe. And then, whenever any question of national honor, involving a possible appeal to arms, arises in England, a figure, kept always ready dressed for the occasion, in the garb of a Manchester spinner, is led out by some Mr. Cobden, and presented to the people as an impersonation of "white-robed Peace," the sole source of national wealth and prosperity, and the indispensable condition of all national blessings. This is a *coup de théâtre* that never fails to produce its effect. Without peace, it is argued, England can no longer buy and sell; and shall questions of abstract right be weighed in the scale against the solid interests of commerce? What a question to put to a "nation of shopkeepers"! The spirit of trade is everywhere the sworn and implacable foe of conscience and honor and generosity,—not, indeed, in private intercourse between man and man, but in the policy of states; selfish, grasping, grovelling, unjust, whether under the harshest despotism or the most licentious democracy; unhealthy and infectious, whether battenning on the life-blood of colliers and factory-children, as in England, or pampered with sugar and poisoned with cotton, as in Bos-

ton and New York. To this spirit no appeal is made in vain, and though arguments addressed to justice and humanity may meet with no response, the sensitive ear of the moneyed cities that rule the world is never deaf to the persuasive tones of the genius of commerce. The four thousand chapmen of London, who a few months since sought to avert the wrath of Napoleon by protesting, under their signs manual, that *they* did not write the libellous articles upon his royal person which had so sorely moved his choler, and that they abhorred the impudent scribblers who did, would just as readily have volunteered the same assurances to any offended Majesty, from Alexander down to Soulouque, who had threatened to issue letters of marque against British shipping.

But let us be just to the nobility and commonalty of England. The aristocracy, though with many discreditable exceptions, is individually an honorable and generous class of men, — disinterested, often self-sacrificing, scrupulous in the performance of all the private duties and the ennobling charities of life, — affable, unassuming, highly intelligent, and courteous; but they are, officially, a corporation, and, as such, demoralized in the same way as all the corporate organizations which have exerted so baneful an influence upon the social life of the nineteenth century. They are, in politics, what monetary corporations are in commerce, — selfish, unconscionable, unscrupulous upon all questions that can in the remotest degree affect the privileges of their order. The people of England, whose positions exempt them from the corrupting influences of politics and trade, retain, in full measure, the noble qualities which have made England the model nation of the world, — the highest, perfectest social organization that humanity has anywhere achieved. The sense of right, the love of truth, the authority of individual conscience as the binding law of action, the feeling of self-respect and personal independence, the duty and the love of active benevolence, and the sacrifice of private interest to the public good, have never manifested themselves as the governing traits in the character of any nation so powerfully as in that of the English people; and if they would but exert their constitutional power in making their government as just and as generous as them-

selves, the world would acknowledge that the cause of England and the cause of humanity were forever one.

The criminal sympathy with Austria of Prussia, — of all the countries, in fact, besung by Arndt in his famous "*Vaterland*," — is founded on the idea of "German nationality." This is just one of those unsubstantial, shadowy phantoms, half metaphysical conception, half poetic figment, which have such an irresistible charm for the German imagination; and it has at this moment so completely intoxicated the whole race, that it would be hard to find a Teuton who would not choose to be a slave under a German empire, rather than a free man out of it. "Nationality" in Germany is just what "universal philanthropy" was in France during the first Revolution, — the antithesis of patriotism, charity, and humanity, — a mere speculative idea, a mode of profession, by which men cheated themselves and each other into a contemptuous neglect of the practical, the positive, and the real, in the vain pursuit of a vision incapable of ever assuming a substantive, living being. It was this wide-spread delirium, that, as much perhaps as any other single influence, caused the wretched political abortions of 1848-49. No man thought of reforming the abuses of the individual state, and uniting Protestant Germany under a rational federative organization. No, this was too simple, too mechanical a view of the matter. The Teutonic race was to be consolidated, fused into a red-hot individuality, in the furnace of a Frankfort Parliament, composed, in due proportion, of Red-Republicans, crazed enthusiasts, visionary speculatists, absolutists, and Obscurantists, with scarcely a dozen practical statesmen among them, and made the leading power of Christendom by the immediate instrumentality of a *Deutsche Flagge*, as a means of moral suasion, and a *Deutsche Flotte*, consisting of a steam-frigate and a sloop of war, as an engine of material coercion. The *Deutsche Einheit* was at one with itself in a single point, namely, in worrying poor little Denmark about the Dano-German duchies; and having exhausted itself in this effort, its constituent parts separated, fired their remaining cartridges at each other, and then vanished into thin air, leaving the old despotism stronger than ever.

After the general stampede among the kings and kinglings

of the Continent in 1848, the German people had the power in their own hands, as completely as had the republicans of America after the surrender of Cornwallis; and if there had existed among them a sane comprehension of the true purposes and duties of government,—an intelligent practical patriotism, as distinguished from the intoxication of “nationality,”—an aptitude for mastering and applying the principles of constitutional liberty,—they might have reduced the powers and interests of dynasties to a proper subordination to those of nations; and, instead of exhibiting the most pitiable and humiliating example of political incapacity on record, they would at this day have been in the enjoyment of those franchises and that freedom of which it is a shame and a sin in a Christian people to suffer itself to be deprived for an hour.

Were the consolidation of Germany practicable, we do not believe that any good would result from it to the Germans themselves, and still less to the general cause of European liberty. A German empire, fronting on the North Sea, and extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic, would, like a Muscovite despotism reaching from the Gulf of Finland to the Ægean, possess a power wholly inconsistent with the independence of the western Continental states, as well as of England, and would prove in the highest degree dangerous to the best interests of Christendom. It would treat the Slavons, the Magyars, and the Italians as tyrannically as Austria does now; not, perhaps, like that power, for the gratification of a brutal and malignant temper, but with the view of Teutonizing them, by processes similar in principle to those employed by Southern cotton-planters in Christianizing the benighted Africans. For no German nationalist ever dreamed of releasing Lombardy, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, Prussian Poland, and the Slavonic and Italian provinces of the Adriatic coast, from the yoke of a foreign despotism, and allowing them to set up nationalities for themselves. Nor is there any ground to suppose that internal harmony and domestic freedom would be secured by such consolidation. If history has taught anything of the character of the Teutonic race, it has proved it to be, in its external relations, like the Anglo-Saxon, grasping, unjust, aggressive, and disorganizing; in its internal pol-

icy, unlike the Anglo-Saxon, arbitrary, unassimilative, unpractical, unprogressive, and anti-democratic. As a barrier against a Panslavic inroad, it might have its uses; but, on the one hand, there is reason for hope of the dismemberment of the Russian Colossus, and on the other, if we may judge from the past and the present, German princes and the German people are more likely to unite with the Cossacks in extinguishing the liberties of Europe, than to harmonize in the establishment of free institutions among themselves.

There is something unaccountably strange, portentous even, in the present political tendencies of Germany. Of all modern peoples, the English not excepted, the Protestant German* has done most to establish the intellectual independence of man, and to emancipate him from the moral shackles of authority and prescription; and yet, for two centuries, no Christian nation has done less to secure his personal, civil, and political liberties, than the Teutonic race. The Milanese Beccaria appealed to the reason and conscience of Europe against the cruelties of the criminal code of his age. Kant, "the sage of Königsberg," demonstrated that the Treatise on Crimes and Punishments was founded on wholly mistaken principles, and, at best, a mere piece of flimsy Italian sentimentality; but nevertheless the works of Beccaria and of the Neapolitan Filangieri have exercised a wider and more beneficent influence on the criminal and the civil legislation of Europe, than all that philosophic Germany has produced since the time of Luther. And so with regard to the direct relations between government and people, the true bounds and obligations of the respective powers and duties of both, Germany has taught the world nothing; and all that humanity has won in this greatest department of secular knowledge and action, is due to the examples and the doctrines of England, America, and France.

* We say *Protestant* German, for it is a remarkable and pregnant fact, that in the splendid array of world-renowned German writers who, in the last hundred years, have so gloriously adorned and illustrated almost every field of human thought and fancy and research, there is not one who was not born and educated as a Protestant. If we were to strike from the records of human intellectual action all that Catholic Germany has contributed to the general stock since the Protestant Reformation, the world would not be poorer by one great idea, or even by one comprehensive fact.

But the plan of a consolidation of the German states is a chimerical and impracticable scheme. Northern and Southern Germany might have a joint interest in a defensive alliance, because they are exposed to the same danger from Russia and from France; but in everything else they are antagonistic. They have no concurrent commercial relations, no oneness of intellectual character, no common sympathies. They profess religions which, just in proportion as they influence their votaries at all, create between them an irreconcilable discordance of opinion, principles, purposes, and tastes. Their sole bond of union is that upon which infinitely too much stress has been laid, — the community of language; and even this extends but to the educated classes, for the speech of the Styrian boor is as widely distinguished from that of the peasant of Hanover, as the dialect of Yorkshire from either, and the entire valley of the Rhine might far more fitly be organized as one state, than the opposite slopes that feed the Elbe and the Danube. The German states can be united only by the sword, and held together only by fetters of iron. They can never harmonize for good, and their whole history proves them incapable of combining for aught but purposes of evil. Better the confusion of Babel than a "national unity" like this.

But let us come to the *commencement de la fin*, the beginning of the end, the Peace of Villafranca. It is very solemnly denied that the great neutral powers had proposed or agreed upon any terms of peace whatever. Well, La Santità di Nostro Signore, the Holiness of our Lord, Pope Pius IX., also denies, under the Fisherman's seal, the massacre at Perugia, for the perpetration of which he promoted Colonel Schmidt to the rank of General, and bestowed on him dispensations and indulgences *ad libitum*;* and the *Giornale di Roma*, inspired by an infallible Vatican, most impudently quotes our countryman, Mr. Perkins, as testifying that "the troops behaved with a moderation that could hardly have been expected, after the provocation to which they had been exposed."

* The Pope, in a recent letter to the Vicar-General, Cardinal Petrozzi, warns the faithful "not to weep over the lying (*menzognere*) and imaginary reports of a massacre at Perugia."

The world will give equal credit to the cabinets and the pontiff. It would not be easy to prove that the powers in question had entered into formal written stipulations, and sent a sheriff's officer to serve a duly certified copy of them on Napoleon III. and Francis Joseph, but in diplomacy as much is done by signs as in a street conversation between two Italian beggars. The expression of the Prussian Prince Regent's fears, that the malarious atmosphere of the Mantuan marshes might prove prejudicial to the French Emperor's health, in case he should undertake the siege of that fortress, accompanied with appropriate gesticulations on the part of the envoy, and some such cabalistic phrases as "territorial circumscriptions," "some cession of territory," and the like, would mean that Prussia would treat the invasion of the Quadrangle as a *casus belli* between herself and France, and, while producing the desired effect, would leave the former power quite at liberty to say that she never made any proposals on the subject of a peace. But though perhaps Prussia did not make what she is pleased to style "proposals" in 1859, it is remarkable that the basis of the Peace of Villafranca is precisely what Prussia did propose in 1849,* namely, the possession of the line of the Mincio by Austria, "*comme point stratégique*," with the stipulation that the Italian territory retained by the empire should form a part of an Italian confederation. The selection of this boundary was founded on the opinion of "German officers," that the "line of the Mincio was, in a strategical point of view, necessary to Germany"! The line of the Mincio necessary to the defence of Vienna and Berlin against invasion by martial and ambitious Italy! General Jackson thought Texas necessary, in a strategical point of view, to the defence of Washington against a *coup de main* by the British forces in Canada, and Mr. Buchanan entertains very similar opinions upon the importance of Cuba as a coast-guard for the city of Pittsburg. It does not appear that these far-sighted professors of the science of grand-tactics inquired what sort of a line was strategically necessary to the defence of the Lombardo-Piedmontese frontier, and we have little doubt that the military oracles who gave this opinion were the very same "German officers" who,

* L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie, p. 18.

with such wisdom and integrity of purpose, advised Sultan Abdool Medjeed to secure Constantinople against attack from Russia, by leaving the Bosphorus undefended and fortifying the Dardanelles.

But though we do not profess to state precisely what England and Prussia did to bring about the peace, we do certainly know that they did *not* do that which, by every consideration of honor and conscience, they were bound to do. They ought to have said to both parties, frankly and unequivocally, the moment that Austria commenced the war under circumstances of such unparalleled wrong and outrage, that they would sustain France and Sardinia in their just demand of the liberation of Italy from all foreign domination, and her restoration to political independence and the undisturbed right of self-government. Had they adopted the programme of Napoleon, Italy would very speedily have reformed herself. The present generation of Italians is not the race described by the tourists and diplomats of the last. Austria and Rome and the Neapolitan Bourbons, hard schoolmasters indeed, have taught Italy great lessons, and we believe her people are now prepared to vindicate their claim to a worthy place among the enlightened nations of the earth.

In point of intelligence, the middle and lower ranks in Italy are much superior to the same classes in Germany, and, so far as the charities of life belong to the department of ethics, in morals also. Stupidity, churlishness, and rudeness are as rare among the Italian peasantry, as they are general among the German; and as for the hotel-keepers, traders, and vetturini, while in Italy you may be flattered or argued by them into paying a few shillings above a reasonable reckoning, you will in Germany be treated with boorish insolence, if you refuse to submit to an extortion of as many pounds. With respect to the educated classes, the relative position of the two nations is reversed, and the German is superior to the Italian, in just the same proportion as his advantages of education are greater. The reason of this lies in the intellectual constitution of the races. The German is just what books and scholastic discipline make him, and in German life there is no social training which alone supplies their place. Take these

away, and you have but a coarsely organized and intensely animal being left. The Italian, on the other hand, has original endowments, a facility and a flexibility of nature, and habits of associate life, which enable him to form and develop a character without the aid of the artificial means which are indispensable to the German. The Italians are inherently and collectively a civilized people; the German must be reclaimed and civilized *de novo*, in each individual case. It is well remarked by About, that the Italians have in all ages shown great aptitude for the functions of legislation and administration, and these are qualities specially important in the reconstruction of a homogeneous and well-compacted state out of the chaos into which Guelphs and Ghibellines, Popes and Cæsars, Medici and Bourbons, have thrown the Italian peninsula. So far as the Italians of our day have been tried, they have proved eminently successful in political construction and organization. The example of Sardinia is a triumphant refutation of the thousand times repeated slander, that the Italians are incapable of maintaining or comprehending a constitutional government; and the history of the Roman Republic of 1849, for the moderation, wisdom, liberality, efficiency, and integrity of its administration, stands entirely alone in the annals of political revolution, unless, indeed, it finds its parallel in the noble spectacle presented by Tuscany, in her late quiet dismissal of her treacherous sovereign, and her orderly submission to the provisional authorities, during the exciting period of the war. When we compare facts like these with the imbecility of the leaders, the violences and the jealousies of the popular masses, and the lamentable disorder and confusion that reigned paramount in all the revolutionary movements of 1848 in Germany, we must admit that it does not become the Teuton to reproach the Italian with a want of capacity for political reform, or for administering a liberal government.

The true character of the peace, and its future influences on the cause of Italy, will depend very much upon details, which may be so framed in drawing up the treaty as very essentially to modify the interpretation of the protocol. What these details will be can only be known after the conference

at Zurich, and we shall then be still just as much in the dark as we now are with regard to possible secret stipulations between the high contracting parties, which may control the meaning of the details as effectually as the details overrule the apparent signification of the provisional arrangement. Thus, it is evident that the Mincio was proposed by Prussia as a frontier, for purposes of offence, not of defence. It was selected as a strategical line, which would enable Austria to recover Lombardy, and commence hostile operations against Piedmont, just when it suited her convenience to do so, and the dishonesty of such a proposal can be equalled only by its impudence. Now, in arranging the formal stipulations of the treaty, Napoleon may insist on some counter security, which shall leave the newly acquired territory of Sardinia not absolutely at the mercy of a dishonorable and revengeful enemy, as by the naked words of the convention of Villafranca it now is, or he may give Austria, at the cost of Sardinia, some equivalent for the loss of the province she has surrendered. Again, the expression, the fugitive Dukes' "return," may be made a mere prediction, not binding those who uttered it, or it may prove a formal compact to restore those petty tyrants by force of arms. The ground which the French Emperor will take will be very much influenced by the position of England and Prussia, unless he is already committed too far to retreat. From Prussia, no generous or honorable policy is to be expected; and even were she better disposed, the rampant "nationality" of Germany might render it difficult for her to take the initiative in wiser counsels. With respect to England, the overthrow of the Derby Administration, and the avowed sympathies of one or two of the present Cabinet, give reason to hope that the new ministers will repair the wrong committed by their predecessors, and take energetic measures to obtain terms which shall secure at once the liberties of Italy and the peace of Europe. Prussia, with all her despotic proclivities, would probably yield to the wishes of England, if that power should firmly insist on a wise and fair adjustment of points yet open for discussion, and Austria will subscribe to any terms which both shall agree with France in dictating. Upon these Protestant states there may yet depend the determina-

tion of the issue and the responsibility of the consequences. If he had been originally sustained by them, Napoleon not only would, but *must*, have gone on in the progressive career upon which he had entered; if now opposed or abandoned by them, he must either ally himself with the darkest despotisms of the Continent, and aid in restoring all the abuses in church and state which the first French Revolution abolished, or he must place himself at the head of Red-Republicanism, and wage a *sans-culotte* war against every worthy and time-honored institution of Europe. We should look upon the latter alternative as the lesser evil, for we believe it would be easier to construct new political and ecclesiastical edifices out of chaos, than to repair and cleanse such rotten structures as the Austrian Empire and the Church of Rome. They are alike infected with the "National-Hotel disease," and the guest that lingers within their borders is infallibly smitten with palsy or with death.

The situation of Napoleon is one of exceeding delicacy and difficulty. The familiar dangers of a prætorian militia would alone suffice to render the tenure of his crown extremely uncertain; but he is beset by no less formidable perils from without. He knows that the pyramid of his fortunes rests upon its apex, and, aware of the impossibility of long maintaining it inverted, and yet erect, in the midst of so many disturbing influences, he has been endeavoring to restore it to a normal position, and thereby to give it the stability which the interests of his dynasty require. By the aid of the British government and aristocracy, he usurped the throne of France, in defiance of the public sentiment of the Continent, and especially of the Legitimist party, which has numerous and powerful adherents in every European state, and of the Church, which, both from sympathy and from principle, is indissolubly attached to the interests of the elder branch of the Bourbons, as the special representative and champion of all Obscurantist and retrograde ideas. Napoleon saw at once the necessity of fortifying himself in his insecure position by making terms with "Catholicity." Hence his flagitious crusade against the Roman Republic, the restoration of the perjured Pius IX. and his robber-guardian, Antonelli, and the severities against Protes-

tantism in France. But this was but a temporary policy, to obtain the sanction of the Papacy to his invasion of the sacred rights of legitimate succession, which the influence of the Popish clergy with the partisans of Henry V. seemed to render important to the permanence of his reign. On the other hand, the demands of Romanism are so utterly irreconcilable with the interests of France and the pride of national independence, which is one of the most marked traits in the character of Frenchmen, that the Emperor felt obliged to relieve himself, and to some extent Catholic Europe, from so galling and so dangerous a burden. In short, he was tired of a position which must have, just now, suggested to his ingenious and ambitious countryman, Monsieur Blondin, the idea of crossing the Niagara on a tight rope, with a man on his back. Exchange the *man* for a *monk*, and the parallel would be complete.

In the attempt to free himself from the stifling embrace of that Old Man of the Sea, he asked the aid of Protestant England and Protestant Prussia. Though once refused, it is perhaps not yet too late to afford it. If this plain duty, for which nothing but moral influence is needed, is honestly performed, Europe may hope a respite, for a generation, — a peace, not, like that of 1815–1848, a condition of external truce between adjacent states, and of internal hostility and strife between nations demanding, and thrones refusing, the fulfilment of the solemn pledges of reform which in the hour of trial princes had given, but a peace founded upon the recognition of human, as well as divine right, and therefore as stable as the enlightened conscience of man. If the required aid is refused, and Napoleon is left to fight the battle alone, then comes the choice between the alternatives of which we have spoken, or rather the succession of those alternatives. First, new concessions from the Emperor to the malignant spirit of the Church, new persecutions of Protestant sects in France, the reconciliation of Sardinia and Rome with all its concomitants of intolerance and oppression, new concordats between the Papacy and Catholic and semi-Catholic princes, new holy alliances against truth and freedom and manhood; and then, when oppression becomes no longer tolerable, a new uprising of the nations, led on, perhaps, by Napoleonites, and a new overthrow of thrones, dominations,

princedom, powers. The latter evil, as we have already said, is the lesser, and though we do not desire to see a repetition of the career of Jacobin France, we believe it would be better for the interests of humanity that the Gallic eagle should again hover over Berlin, — we had almost said London, — than that another Wellington should lead another horde of Baschkirs and Kalmucks and German princelings to the conquest of Paris.

In case of a rupture with France, and of course with her allies, to which the Emperor's just resentment of the conduct of the British government may very naturally lead, we believe that England would be in a more critical position than she has been since her kings were pensioners of Louis XIV. The prestige of her naval superiority is gone, and her land troops are confessedly as inferior to those of France in military efficiency as they are in numbers. But, with the security conferred by her insular position, the facilities of concentration of force afforded by her network of railways, her vast material and mechanical resources, and the characteristic courage and endurance of her people, she might well defy the utmost efforts of France, — her only dangerous single enemy. But the power of England stands in no such relation to that of the entire Continent as it did when she was arming for the Peninsular campaign. She was then the undisputed mistress of the sea, and the wealth of a lucrative commerce flowed into her coffers almost as abundantly as in the profoundest peace, while it was only under her flag, and by paying tribute to her merchants and seamen and national treasury, that the rest of Europe could participate in maritime traffic at all. Her superiority over all the world in the mechanical arts, upon which the efficiency of military enginery depends, was immense, and her native abundance of iron and coal, and other metallic and mineral products, furnished an inexhaustible stock of material for elaboration in all the branches of industry most conducive to the prosperity and power of a nation, in war or in peace. The numerous open and secret enemies of Napoleon I. looked upon England as the common friend and champion of the rights and national interests of all; and above all this, she had the consciousness of security, and strength, and moral power, to a

degree which, she well knew, existed in no other political community upon earth.

At this day, though England has advanced in all the productive arts, yet her progress has been relatively so much slower than that of the Continental nations, that, in very many branches of mechanical industry, her superiority, either in quality or in facility and cost of manufacture, is very seriously questioned. A war with France would cut off the largest channels of her commerce; emigration and the attractions and advantages of city life have depopulated her rural districts, and she has no longer the material for the rank and file of military service; her people have lost their confidence in their own prowess and invincibility; and she has disappointed the hopes and alienated the good-will of that portion of the European people who have looked forward to the general establishment of rational liberty and constitutional government by the moral force of the example, and the directly active influence, of the British nation. The mission of England was to preach and to promote the political emancipation of Christendom; but it is much to be feared that she has done more to obstruct than to advance an object of so much importance to the general interests of the human family. Her only serious efforts for that purpose are in the establishment of the puny kingdom of Greece,—a wild olive, that as yet has borne no fruit,—and in resisting the nefarious attempts of Russia to extend her own grasping and remorseless tyranny over the territory of the Ottoman Porte, which is much more likely to be effectually Christianized under the liberal policy of the Sultans, than under the iron bigotry of the Czars. In 1815, England was the first power in the world, and able to dictate terms to every European sovereign. For the political arrangements of that fatal year, which consigned to hopeless slavery, under relentless despotisms, many of the finest parts of Europe, England is answerable; because, having the power to control the conditions of the general pacification, she neglected to exercise it, and stipulated nothing in behalf of any interest but those of dynasties. Since 1815, it has been her policy to sustain the princes restored by it, and though she has sometimes encouraged resistance to despotic sovereigns, she has always aban-

done the insurgents to the wrath of their masters, when the revolts have been suppressed. She has thus gradually estranged from her the liberal politicians of the Continent, and is universally regarded as the ally, not of the people, but of their oppressors. The ill-will felt towards the British government has extended itself also to the nation. Englishmen are envied for their wealth and their social privileges, but detested for their airs of superiority, and their supercilious behavior towards the natives of the countries they visit, and consequently neither government nor people has any hold upon the confidence and sympathy of the commonalty of Europe.

On the other hand, the British government, by its protection of political refugees, and by its inability to restrain the freedom of the press, has drawn upon itself the bitterest hatred of all the advocates of arbitrary rule, whether princes or subjects, and nothing is more probable than a coalition between the despotisms of the Continent, with the view of compelling her to muzzle her press, to make the other branches of her public service as subservient as her post-office, and to employ her police, and the officers of her army and navy, in hunting out and surrendering for punishment the Mazzinis, the Kosuths, the Hugos, and other disturbers of the repose of crowned heads.

While, therefore, England has ceased to be a source of encouragement and hope to the people of the Continent, she has failed to secure the confidence of their rulers, and in any crisis of danger or of trial she will be sustained by the sympathies of neither. Under these circumstances, there can be no doubt that for her the path of duty is the only path of safety. Let her now become what she long since ought to have been, a champion of liberal institutions and popular rights abroad, as well as an example of them at home, and she will find in the gratitude, the attachment, and the alliance of the people of Europe, a stronger bulwark than in an *entente cordiale* with a score of despots.

We have barely alluded to the remaining party in the controversy,—the Papacy, and its present imbecile, obstinate, and vindictive incumbent; but this is precisely the party that has most to gain or to lose by the ultimate results of the policy of

Napoleon. The true relations of Catholicism to civil and political as well as religious liberty, though for three centuries as patent as the sun at noonday, have been strangely blinked or misrepresented by Protestant writers, for the last quarter of a century. The discovery, that the Reformers were mistaken in their judgment upon the secular influence of Romanism, that the prevalent opinions upon its intolerance, its hostility to light and progress, its worldly selfishness, and the corruption of its clergy, are mere Protestant prejudices, is one of the weakest and most mischievous of the many "flunkeyisms" which seem especially to mark an age when manhood and moral courage are among the rarest of the virtues. Even those who admit that Popery in the sixteenth century was what Luther knew and felt it to be, very often inform us, that the spirit of Romanism is softened in accordance with the "spirit of the age"; that it no longer persecutes, no longer corrupts, no longer seeks for temporal power or worldly wealth; that its mission is of charity and healing; that it favors the advancement and diffusion of knowledge, and is everywhere the patron and the advocate of the suffering and the oppressed; that a morally depraved Pope is now impossible; and that, though the civil administration of his government may be faulty, it has renounced its claims to the political sovereignty of Christendom, and as a spiritual authority it works only by fair argument and moral suasion. Assertions like these, in the face of the facts, that not one of the impudent claims of the Papacy to secular power, and the right of absolute spiritual control, has even been surrendered by the Vatican, not one of its minatory bulls against heretics revoked, not one of its means of corruption discarded; that, though Catholicism numbers but one seventh of the human family, the property of that Church many times exceeds the wealth of all the other religious communities upon earth; that new concordats have been negotiated with Catholic princes, reinvesting the Pope with all the powers ever claimed by him in the darkest period of the Middle Ages; that Catholic supremacy is notoriously the main-spring in all the policy of the Austrian Empire; and that, in every Catholic state in Europe, persecution and intolerance are rapidly reviving;—in the face of such facts, we say, the

assertion that Catholicism is no longer a dangerous influence, betrays an ignorance of the relations between cause and effect, or a perversion of the moral faculties, very discreditable to the intelligence and the candor of those who make it.

Although the history of the Papacy shows many pontiffs more dissolute in private life than Pius IX., — not one more aggressive in his aspirations, more relentless in his vengeance, or more obstinately wedded to all the traditional abuses of the Vatican, — it does not record one pontifical act of more detestable wickedness, not one fraught with greater danger to the most sacred of human rights, than the forcible kidnapping of young MORTARA, a crime that scarcely finds its parallel in all the barbarities of Nicholas in Poland or Franz Joseph in Italy. And yet this enormous wrong has scarcely called forth a breath of reprobation in Protestant Europe or Protestant America. Napoleon, to his honor be it said, and Napoleon alone, warmly but ineffectually remonstrated against this flagrant outrage, and it still remains unredressed, — the foulest stain which a single outrage has placed on the history of the nineteenth century. If the power to repeat such crimes remains with the Bishop of Rome, the responsibility will rest less on Catholic, usurping Napoleon, than on Protestant, legitimate Prussia and England.

ART. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

MR. PARKER'S recent Letter to his Congregation* stands among those striking autobiographies, in which our generation is so fortunate in having its marked phases of religious thought set forth. No exposition of a man's belief is at once so interesting and true, as that contained in an honest record of his life; and even when that record is colored by his own feeling, or prejudice, or wayward experience, it is all the more serviceable witness. The current of personal feeling that runs through the "Phases of Faith," Brownson's "Convert," and

* Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister, with some Account of his Early Life and Education for the Ministry. Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr.

Blanco White's *Memoirs*, makes a distinct part of their value as illustrations of the religious tendencies they represent. As strongly individualized as Luther's "Table-Talk," and a good deal more deliberate and full, each in its way furnishes precisely the material which the historian or critic, one of these days, will be most in search of.

Of recent works of this kind, this little volume, or large pamphlet, is the most interesting to us, and the most likely to provoke sharp criticism. It is a very transparent and plainly told story of a pretty obstinate controversy, still fresh, from the pen of the most conspicuous actor therein; and of course, it both reflects and provokes the slumbering passions of the debate. It is also a revelation of personal feeling and experience, — a private, and indeed confidential record, made to near friends, reckoning on their sympathy, and not shrinking to say what few men would care to say to a larger circle. It is as if a certain curiosity or fatality had broken the seal of privacy, and let us into the secrets of an intercourse which, primarily, we had no right to share. In form, it is a private matter between the writer and his correspondents. He wishes "it might be read only to them, or printed solely for their affection, — not also published for the eye of the world; but that were impossible, . . . so what I write private to you becomes public also for mankind, whether I will or not."

This statement, to a certain degree, disarms criticism. And could we imagine this to have been strictly a private communication, brought to light only by accident, or posthumously, it would scarce be amenable to any judgment or comment of ours. We should pause at the words, so appealing to our human sympathy: "Consumption, having long since slain almost all my near kinsfolk, horsed on the North-wind, rode at me also, seeking my life. Swiftly I fled hither, hoping in this little island of the Holy Cross to hide me from his monstrous sight, to pull his arrows from my flesh, and heal my wounded side. . . . I know that I am no longer young, and that I stand up to my shoulders in my grave, whose uncertain sides at any moment may cave in and bury me with their resistless weight. . . . Yet still the will to live, though reverent and submissive, is exceeding strong, more vehement than ever before, as I have still much to do, — some things to begin upon, and many more lying now half done, that I alone can finish, — and I should not like to suffer the little I have done to perish now for lack of a few years' work." With these words before us, breathing the suppressed pain of a strong man bowed, we should read anything that might follow without censure or deprecation, glad simply to see things as they seemed to the writer's heart.

But a public document, — which this comes to be in fact, — containing the story of events in which a great many have borne a part, and reflecting honor or dishonor on a great many names among the living, is another matter. This "Letter" is not only an account, it is also an epitome of the writer's ministry, — a recapitulation, in brief, of the long war of pamphlets and discourses, in which no one else has borne a part at all comparable to Mr. Parker in boldness or general ability. With the warmth of the debate, the passion of the hour reappears. So

true, indeed, is Mr. Parker to his character, as a man "severely in earnest," that, even in this narrative review, he assumes the agonistic attitude, and runs perpetually into the tone of argument, appeal, or ob-jurgation. The reader is likely to be disappointed, vexed perhaps, to find so little of the calmness he might look for in the forced repose of a sick man's retrospect. At this distance of time, he will say, — five or fifteen years from the battle he relates, — at that distance in space, where the exile may be thought to see everything softened by the intervening leagues of sea and sky, — followed too from his native land by so warm an expression of sympathy, even from many who had been strangers or opposed, — we might have expected to find the view of men and things tempered and assuaged. Some softening in the perspective, some mellow haze hiding the sharpness of light and shadow, we might have looked for in a picture drawn in that far-off retreat, — possibly softer strokes from a hand weakened by sickness. But the remarkable character of the Letter — aside from the glimpse it gives of the real tenderness, devoutness, and affectionateness of a character which the great public has seen mostly on another side — is precisely as a reproduction, or epitome, of the controversy *as it was*. The narrative is, indeed, in some parts, almost sternly given, and not a hard line suppressed. And for the immediate effect (though not the ultimate value) of this review, we regret a frequent tone that savors of ten years ago.

The best justification, or at least explanation, of this tone, is found in the narrative — which another generation, so far as it looks at all into this matter, must find very striking and curious — of the quality of opposition and reproach met in this eighteen years' iconoclastic crusade. That anything was done to provoke so virulent a hostility as is here spoken of, — that as hard blows were given as taken in the fight, — we find no hint in a narrative certainly meant to be candid and full. When Mr. Parker says, (p. 174,) "I have no delight in controversy; when assailed, I have never returned the assault," — the statement may be literally correct, but the public will find it hard to understand. A man who, in his thirty-fifth year, "had thoroughly broken with the ecclesiastical authority of Christendom," and who felt then that he had enlisted for "a thirty years' war, if life should hold out so long," can hardly seem, to average people, "not much of a fighter," however sincerely he may say it; and one only wonders at the astonishment he seems to have felt at the hostility he called forth. It is not time yet to analyze all the motives of that hostility. Suffice it to say, that in some points it would have been disarmed, if the sense of personal justice and the decorum of debate had always weighed as much with him as zeal for public justice and the stress of controversy. Even the friendliest judge will ask if all the fault is on one side, when a strong and heroic worker is obliged to "do his work by stealth"; and when an enterprise of simple charity "would have been ruined at once, if his face or name had appeared in connection with it." In the main, in its estimate of the respective rights of the disputants in these discussions, it is likely that posterity will side with Mr. Parker. But — naturally enough, perhaps — we think this narrative does great injustice to

the opposition, forgets many elements of provocation, and makes the sincere feeling, or belief, or good fame of others of quite too small account, in comparison with the fiery force of conviction which it declares.

In reply to these suggestions, we know that Mr. Parker's most ardent admirers would remind us that, just as we cannot get all the minor virtues for four and sixpence a day, we cannot, in wider matters, ask all traits of force and of loveliness in the same finite life; — that the great reformer cannot be expected to be the great pacificator, harmonizer, tolerator, and mediator. This is, we suppose, the simplest key to the tone of the book; the author does not know what is meant by "Toleration," and yet does not know that he does not know it. His firm and unhesitating belief in himself, therefore, almost inevitably expresses itself in a tone, — which is, we believe, to the seniors who had to do with this controversy very provoking, — while to the juniors just now coming on the stage it is simply amusing, — which, if we may borrow a phrase from Sir Walter Scott, may be called the "big bow-wow" strain. A charming letter-writer, a companion in travel of Mr. Parker, has just now styled him, very happily, "the Great Dog," "Can Grande," — in memory of Dante's hopes for the achievements of Can Grande della Scala, a prince of his own time. After personifying the treachery of Florence, the rapine of France, and the hungry meanness of Rome, under the figures of panther, lion, and wolf, which had terrified and threatened him, Dante makes Virgil say of Rome and of Can Grande: —

"For yonder brute 'gainst whom thou criest, alarmed,
Permits none else on her vile path to stray.
Nay, every trespasser with death prevents,
So bad by nature, so accursed at core.
Her greedy appetite she ne'er contents,
But after gorging, she howls on for more.
With many a beast already she has lain,
And shall with many more unite in lust,
Till comes the GREYHOUND, slaying her with pain [*Can Grande*].
He will not feed on earthly dross and dust,
But wisdom, love, and virtue.

'T is HE shall worry her through every town,
Till back to Hell, wherefrom she first arose, —
Envy's rank spawn, — HE shall have dragged her down." *

Poor Dante's prophecy did not prove fortunate; — it has been, indeed, the only passport to immortality of the Great Dog in behalf of whom it was made. As in lesser cases, his bark proved worse than his bite. We hope more for the war against falsehood, force, appetite, and craft of the new Can Grande; but while we express the hope, we have to confess that we seldom listen to his baying of the wolf, without detecting something of a more conscious and less dignified "bow-wow."

We cannot attempt to examine in detail statements of fact so numerous as are here given, and many of them made in the most general and sweeping terms, — made too on the sole authority of a memory, singu-

* We quote Mr. Parsons's translation.

larly tenacious and clear indeed, but not quite infallible. It is said, for example, (p. 57,) that on a certain occasion the Attorney-General of Massachusetts "brought an indictment" for blasphemy against the author of certain critical papers in the *Christian Examiner*, — a statement which we believe to be not only incorrect, but impossible. Again, what account of an opponent's belief can be quite trusted, from one who speaks of the usual Christian faith in a special revelation of the Most High by his chosen messengers, as making "the whole of human nature wait upon an accident of human history, — and that accident *the whim of some single man!*" We should be sorry to charge looseness as to fact, or habitual misrepresenting of belief, as a characteristic of this narrative; but we both blame and regret each class of statements of which we have cited the above as specimens.

But the main thing in this Letter, and that which gives it the greatest permanent value, is the very extraordinary testimony it bears to the industry, the energy, the copious scholarship, and the intense convictions of the author. The earlier portions in particular, which speak of the growth of character and opinions, the influence of parental training, the hopes and purposes with which the toils of manhood and the special path of service were approached, cannot be read by any one, we venture to say, without interest and sympathy. As to the later narrative, even those who have best known the diversified resources of Mr. Parker's intellect will be surprised at the immense range of his reading and the amount of his intellectual toil; while those who have worked most constantly by his side will hardly have estimated the activity and energy of his labors, — of pulpit, platform, lecturer's desk, or walks of mercy, — as the memory of them is brought back in this review. And, whatever the verdict finally pronounced upon the labors here recorded, the record itself will remain, as one of the most curious, instructive, and characteristic chapters in the history of New England Theology.

DR. BELLOWS'S Address at the recent Anniversary of the Cambridge Theological School elicited before its publication, while known to the public only by report, some foolish comments, and some ill-natured ones, from the newspaper press, of which the printed pamphlet is the best refutation. It was, perhaps, too much to expect from the journals which criticised this performance, nice discrimination, or candid judgment, or conscientious accuracy of statement. But it seems a not unreasonable demand, that the critic should read before judging, and not pronounce on a vague report as he would on an authorized publication. Dr. Bellows was represented as having gravely propounded a new form of Christianity, — a new "Church," — to be established by individual effort directed to that end; something between Romanism and Protestantism, avoiding the errors and combining the merits of both those ministrations. The Address* is now before the public, and

* The Suspense of Faith. An Address to the Alumni of the Divinity School of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Given July 19, 1859. By HENRY W. BELLOWS. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1859.

all who are interested may satisfy themselves of the falsity of this charge, concerning which we remark by the way, that no writer of our acquaintance is less likely to have committed such an absurdity than the author of this discourse. The discourse strikes us as every way worthy its distinguished author, — admirable alike for its breadth of view and its fervor of spirit, its penetrating analysis and its comprehensive faith, its luminous suggestions and its weighty counsels. We heartily accept the author's criticism of the spiritual aspects of this our time, and we know of no statements on this subject more searching or more eloquent than those which we find under the third head of this discourse, — the psychological and *universal* reason for what the author calls the "suspense of faith." We have no room to quote what seems to us so striking, and can only refer to the portion included between the 20th and 30th pages as containing some of the best and profoundest things that have been said in this direction in our day.

Dr. Bellows appreciates the limitations of Protestantism, in itself considered, without undervaluing the Protestant Church, or dreaming of any invidious comparison between it and the elder communion.

"Who does not see that the fatal misgiving at the bottom of the mind of Protestantism is this: Have the external institutions of religion any authority but expediency? Do they stand for and represent anything but one portion of the human race educating another portion of the human race, which in the last analysis is self-culture? And if they stand on self-culture, on what other basis than schools and colleges? None whatever, the logical mind will answer, except that they are religious schools and colleges. Make your ordinary schools and colleges, your family education, religious, and you may dispense with the Church, which has no basis but expediency, and is founded wholly in man's wit. Accordingly, it is a very common and spreading feeling that our religious institutions are approaching their natural term of existence."

The practical conclusion of the whole is a plea for the Church as the saving power of society, whose agency admits of no substitute.

"The work of the Church is so to speak to the world in the orotund of great historic incidents, — so to preach by emphasizing the commemorative days, and illuminating the holy symbols, and pausing on the successive events, which made the doctrines of Christianity, — as gradually to thunder into the deaf ear of humanity the saving lesson of the Gospel.

"No lecture-room can do this, no preaching-man can do this, no thin, ghostly individualism or meagre Congregationalism can do this. It calls for the organic, instituted, ritualized, impersonal, steady, patient work of the Church, which taking infancy in its arms shall baptize it, etc. . . . A new, catholic Church, a Church in which the needed but painful experience of Protestantism shall have taught us how to maintain a dignified symbolic and mystic church organization without the aid of the state or the authority of the Pope, — this is the demand of the weary, unchurched humanity of our era. How to renounce the various obstacles, how to inaugurate the various steps to it, is probably more than any man's wisdom is adequate to direct just now. But to articu-

late, or even try to articulate, the dumb wants of the religious times, is at least one step to it. It is a cry for help which God will hear, and will answer by some new word from the Holy Ghost, when humanity is able and willing to bear it."

The stupidity which could pervert this confession of a want into the declaration of a purpose, is one of those annoyances which public speakers have to encounter from their natural enemy.

THE Douay Version of the Old Testament, made from the Latin Vulgate, which was the translation completed by St. Jerome, A. D. 405, which the Council of Trent pronounced to be "authentic," is as good a translation of a translation as we should suppose it reasonable to expect from Roman Catholics at the time it was made; that is, in 1609, two years before King James's Version. Dr. Kenrick, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore, has published an edition of it,* for the use of such Catholics as can obtain permission of "the pastors and spiritual guides whom God has appointed to govern his Church" to read it, in a partially revised form. The changes which he has made appear to be generally for the better, as far as they go. But it is difficult to perceive on what principle he proceeded in making them. It was not to make the Douay Version conform in every case more strictly to the Vulgate. For in several instances, in the few chapters we have examined, he departs from the Vulgate. Thus in Job iii. 7, he renders, "Let that night be solitary and void of praise," instead of "not worthy of praise" in the Douay. But the Vulgate reads "nec laude digna." Again, in ch. v. 26, the Archbishop renders, "Thou shalt enter into the grave in *full age*," instead of the Douay, "Thou shalt enter into the grave *in abundance*." But the Vulgate has it, "Ingrédieris *in abundantia* sepulchrum." This certainly is a departure from the "authentic" Vulgate, to make it conform, with heretical King James's, to the original Hebrew. But why Dr. Kenrick should correct from the Hebrew this verse, rather than hundreds of other passages of the Vulgate, which, in the opinion of all scholars, require correction, does not appear. In general, his corrections of the Douay Version are very few, and of little importance compared with those which must be made before the Catholic version can be regarded as representing the original Hebrew. It would seem, if the few chapters which we have found time to examine may be taken as a specimen of the whole, that the Archbishop's revision cannot be relied on as representing either the Latin Vulgate or the original Hebrew. Thus in Job iii. 18, the Douay has it, "And they sometime bound together without disquiet have not heard the voice of the oppressor." This represents the Vulgate, "Et quondam vineti pariter sine molestia, non audierunt vocem auctoris." The Archbishop has it, "And they sometime bound together are without disquiet, and hear not the voice of the taskmaster," a rendering which

* The Book of Job and the Prophets, translated from the Vulgate; and diligently compared with the Original Text, being a Revised Edition of the Douay Version, by FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: Kelley, Hedian, and Piet. 1859.

does not well represent either the Vulgate or the Hebrew. The latter is well translated in the common version. So in Isaiah liii. 9. The Douay has it, "And he shall give the ungodly for his burial, and the rich for his death." This represents the Vulgate, "Et dabit impios pro sepultura et divitem pro morte sua." But the Archbishop has it, "And he shall *have* the ungodly *in* his burial and the rich *at* his death," which represents neither the Latin nor the Hebrew. It is certainly not "authentic." Protestants, therefore, unacquainted with Latin, who have the curiosity to know what the Vulgate is, or what the Douay version is, will do best to take the common editions of the latter. But Catholics will come a *little* nearer to the meaning of the Hebrew original, especially with the help of the Archbishop's notes, by using his revision of the Douay version.

The notes are useful as far as they go, and suggest many emendations of the Version which he does not adopt with the text. But to us Protestants, who are accustomed to fuller and more learned ones, they appear meagre, and behind the age. The Archbishop's views of interpretation may be estimated by a remark which he makes in his Introduction to Job: "The boldness with which he [i. e. Job] vindicates his innocence is best excused by regarding him as representing the Son of God, who was altogether free from sin."

BIOGRAPHY.

SHELLEY is buried without the walls of Rome, in unconsecrated earth; his works are contraband within the walls, and many good people elsewhere in Christendom still suppose that he was the Devil. To add an authentic page to his history, is the purpose of the present work.* He has been unfortunate in having many ambitious, incompetent, and perverse biographers. It was inevitable that such an unworldly, delicate spirit should be misunderstood. He was in arms against the religion, and politics, and social institutions of his time and country. That he was persecuted and maligned, is evidence of his power, and their weakness. His heart was the finest meter of all injustice and wrong; and when it spoke, though it had no power but the pen, it carried alarm to the bad and the bigoted. They avenged themselves with scandal, and with the law, handiest weapon of the base. There is no such instance in modern times of the union of the poet and the earnest, practical reformer. What he thought, that he would instantly realize; and the impossibility of realizing it—his ideas being, as they were, tainted with no systems of compromise—made the great, the real grief of his life. Therefore, dearest blessing of the Muse, he took refuge in poetry. Not, however, without some debate and questioning of his own genius. The best part of every reformer's career is his first protest; time will work the problem; he has enough to do to keep himself in advance of his protest.

* Shelley Memorials: from Authentic Sources. Edited by LADY SHELLEY. To which is added an Essay on Christianity, by P. B. SHELLEY: now first printed. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

But Shelley was essentially a poet; and the sensitiveness which made him feel so keenly the evil in the world, renders his ideal realms and characters so much the more elevated and inspiring. At last he took refuge in poetry, and in Italy, "the Paradise of exiles." There he was happy in his work; his powers were ripening; he had competent fortune; and in his household relations he adds one to the scanty roll of those men who seem to have found marriage a divine institution. His wife was his peer in many respects; they went hand in hand, nor did he divide himself from her in any part of his magnificently endowed nature.

"Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also."

And after eight years they still loved, and she could write at his death: "For eight years I communicated, with unlimited freedom, with one whose genius, far transcending mine, awakened and guided my thoughts. I conversed with him; rectified my errors of judgment; obtained new lights from him; and my mind was satisfied. Now I am alone,—O how alone!" "The glory of the dream is gone. I am a cloud from which the light of sunset has passed. Give me patience in the present struggle. *Meum cordium cor!* Good night!"

This volume shows anew the beauty and sincerity of Shelley's life. Those nearest to him loved him best. His own father scarcely knew him. He made, or found, his own kindred. His blood, of the best in England, united only with generous hearts, and high intellects. He performed the practical and humblest offices of charity. He espoused every unpopular and friendless cause, or person; and there was no wrong but reached his sensitive and tender heart. In return, the doors of his own home were shut against him; he was expelled from Oxford; his name was a word of ill omen in all England; the Lord Chancellor took his children from him, on the ground that he was an atheist; and fortune frowned upon him, almost to his untimely death. Yet he was a poet, and who can doubt the recompense of vision and of rapture in his own soul? The story of his death is familiar. His life in Italy was growing more and more prosperous and serene. He was approaching the time he himself had prophesied, when he should be able to do something in every respect accommodated to the utmost limits of his powers. He died. The tale cannot be told or read without tears. Nor is there anything more grand or solemn in the *Urn Burial* of Sir Thomas Browne, than the narrative of the cremation of Shelley.

"The spot was wild, lonely, and inexpressibly grand. In front lay the broad, bright waters of the Mediterranean, with the islands of Elba, Capraji, and Gorgona in view; the white, marble peaks of the Apennines closed the prospect behind, cooling the intense glare of the midday sun with the semblance of snow; and all between stretched the sands, yellow against the blue of the sea, and a wild, bare, uninhabited country, parched by the saline air, and exhibiting no other vegetation than a few stunted and bent tufts of underwood. A row of high, square watch-towers stood along the coast; and above, in the hot stillness, soared a solitary curlew, which occasionally circled close to the pile, uttering its shrill scream, and defying all attempts to drive it away."

Upon the pyre they poured wine, frankincense, and other fragrant things, and the rich, golden flame, quivering aloft, seemed to show no common mould within its fierce embrace. The costly body of the poet consumed away with a purer and more ethereal flame, and swiftly ascended to the sun. Thitherward soared the dreary curlew, singing a sweeter and more ruthful requiem. What was it but the hymn of Lycidas,—the funeral service for all poets,—or the Elegy of Adonais, which he himself, half prophetically, sung over a brother-poet? The only spectators of the obsequies were Mr. Trelawny, Lord Byron, and Leigh Hunt. In one of Shelley's pockets was found a volume of Keats, doubled back and thrust away as though he had just been reading it. In another was a volume of Sophocles. The copy of Keats was lent by Leigh Hunt, who told Shelley to keep it till he could give it to him again with his own hands. As the lender would receive it from no one else, it was burnt with the body. The ashes, and the heart,—which remained unconsumed, (a fact to which the *Cor cordium* of the inscription alludes,)—were taken to Rome and deposited in the same burial-ground with Keats. There the roses are in bloom in mid-winter. That which the writer of these lines plucked on a serene Sunday in January is still fragrant in some securely folded leaf. Over the grave is written, "Nothing of him doth fade;" but the crescent sphere of his fame, and of his too who thought his "name was writ in water," slowly fills with immortal light.

POETRY AND ART.

AN almost Spartan taste in externals reigns among authors and publishers. You may well-nigh detect the best books on any shelf, by a certain severe and chaste garb. And within the covers it is the same. No advertisement, no preface, no dedication, obstructs your progress to the contents. The author scarcely deigns to write his name. In all possible ways he abbreviates the introduction to his message. This is particularly the present fashion among poets. Something of the old oracular style has returned; and one cannot help remembering that most ancient picture of the poetical and prophetic character:—

"The Sibyl, speaking with inspired mouth,
Smileless, inornate, and unperfumed,
Pierces through the centuries."

Once books had a courtly and ceremonial air, coquetting with the reader through a hundred pages before admitting him to the banquet. Our books are like our houses,—they have no vestibule, the Court of Vesta, goddess of courtesy and decorum. But open the door, and 't is like removing the last skin from the pomegranate. We are fishes that swim close to the surface, or insects that live in the top of the ground. The spider is a truer gentleman; he abides in the bottom of his beautiful tunnel, and welcomes his guests over many a silken and curiously woven web. The architecture of a bird's-nest, or the commonest weed, shames our careless yet extravagant models.

In books, though we have so much apparent simplicity, and the rejection of all gossip between the author and his reader, and an introduction after the curt manner of the Transcendentalists, — “Know you, before heaven and earth, that this is Jane, and this is John,” — it is not a sustained simplicity, but the table of contents often warns us of many fantastic and obscure topics, aggravated by the author’s informality and reticence. All the old art of the title-page and the prologizing in various kinds, is transferred to the naming of the pieces. If you have any Sibylline skill, you will read all the story in the name. It is meant to be strictly onomatopoetic; like an overture in music, the echo and miniature of the thing itself. The name must be the subtle distillation, the very image and soul of the poem. The metaphysics in the titles of Tennyson’s and Browning’s poetry is a striking characteristic; and in George Herbert, one could not change his mottoes without destroying the charm and character of the book. They are something more than the socle of the statue, or the frame of the picture. They are the poet’s own key and interpreter, and should properly be read as the last word of every poem, or hypercatalectic verse. For he works outward from the very heart of his subject, or from the idea; but the public see the process inversely. They look to the horizon; he looks from it, backward to them, and on to a new horizon. All the doors of the poet’s house open outward to him, but inward to his guests. Or, to speak more nearly to the present thought, though the sympathetic reader apprehends things figuratively, the poet discovers that the figure itself is real, and the basis of a new comparison. Thus pursuing things through all their transformations, he comes at length to their last and best secrets. Whoever has found out and given the right name to an object, has been so happy as to have beheld it produced back to its cause, and forward to its ultimate effect, in the elemental order of nature.

Opening the volume before us,* the table of contents is of that suggestive variety well known to the lover of poetry. Almost instantly each name flashes an image of the poem across the mind. Or, if not *the* poem, *a* poem. The Fates have aided the Muses at the christening of their children.

The present volume contains certain Sonnets to Beauty and to Night, likewise a Hymn to the Sea, and one or two other pieces heretofore published, and much liked by a few attentive and inquisitive readers. For they have appeared in obscure places, and there has been no flourish of trumpets. So much the better for the beginning of a true fame, and influence independent of newspaper notoriety. The newspaper is a useful thing to the merchant and the mechanic; but the poet cannot afford to advertise his wares. His is a commodity that must advertise itself, or it is nothing. So it happens that it lies long depreciating on the market till some odd customer appears, then another, and at last the admiration of those two or three persons is justified in the eyes of all the world. Often Aristotle was Plato’s only hearer. Those books now dearest to us have been subject to the vicissitudes of every ill-for-

* Poems. By ANNE WHITNEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

tune; and their preservation is as much a miracle as their creation. They were never published, or in some irregular way, coming into vogue without any of the usual appliances, and nobody knows how. They never had any sale when published, and were a vexation to every one concerned. But at length the bad perish, the good become common property, and reappear with the regularity of the seasons. So it has passed into proverb, that no good book dies. Yet, though we have that faith, who can look along the counters of the bookstores, and behold without sadness the faded backs of the unsalable and unread books. Of this class the thin volumes of new poetry are by far the most common. For a few months they meet the eye in their accustomed places, but they seem to grow thinner and thinner, and then they vanish away. How often forever! And this was the very coined spirit of some solitary, musing soul! whose only joy perchance in this life was to unfold his secret sadness, and to paint in vanishing colors the life and destiny he could never grasp. Sometimes, indeed, these fragments are illuminated by an increasing fame; and the forlorn little book is taken down and dusted, and, being included among more famous works, suffers the ignominy of a corner, with the inscription, "Earlier Poems."

It is considered a safe precept to read none but old and famous books. Yet who can avert his eyes from the miscellaneous poetry that is afloat in newspapers and in those small books? There are no books so tempting to us. The prose we pass by on the other side. We wait for the critics to pronounce there. But the poetry, — we cannot resist handling that for ourselves. However inferior the poet may be, that he should call his work by that sacred name is a presumption much more provoking than the happiest, the most captivating title of another book. It is most likely he cannot drive these horses of the sun, but we love the courage that will dare it; the generous, youthful impetuosity, celebrated as much by a failure as success. We judge men by what they attempt; and the most wretched poetaster has some dim vision of what he is striving after. So there gleams a word, a verse often in these pages, which repays our adventure. There is something, too, in the very form, that gives to the mind a certain assurance of a value somewhere latent.

That which is the most striking defect in so many of our poets, — want of assimilation of the subjects to the experience and the imagination, — is not at all apparent in this volume. On the contrary, things have become, in the being of the poet, so intensely her own, that, when reproduced, they are often mystical and allegorical. What seem to be personal experiences, are obscurely so. But when the topic is objective, as in "Susana" and "Kristel's Soliloquy," the personality is made more delicate and vivid. There has been just enough of the brooding, idealizing mind, to give them life and character. But "A Lost Dream" is almost unintelligible. Yet experience warns us to admit that some reader may have the clew which we lack. Likeness is everywhere so much greater than unlikeness, that it is unsafe to call anything a mystery or mistake, for its like will readily find and interpret it. What I cannot understand was probably meant for you; or if not for you,

perhaps for some person yet unborn. For all the opening poem is on Joy, the prevailing tone of the book is subdued and deeply moral. There is no passion, no play; all is serene, earnest, intellectual. A fatal defect: be you the most accomplished artist, you cannot touch the human heart without hot blood, and a certain youthful frenzy. Shall the great Jove transform himself to a cuckoo to win Juno, and a mortal woman ignore, through two hundred pages, the divinities of love? Is it not unaccountable that one who sings,

"I am a maiden,
Turned of eighteen,"

and who confesses she has had a score of lovers, has no record, comic or tragic, of one of them to show us, — nothing save that bare piece of statistics?

A deep, dark-eyed, but sad and twilight Muse. Yet through all come hints of a fair and rich life, growing into more and more completeness, developing new powers in art and in thought, putting into song all surrounding commonplaces, so that nothing insignificant or unworthy can henceforth meet her eye, but she will live, as it were, in another and fairer world: we cannot choose but linger and listen to the voice that speaks thence.

WE know no work on ecclesiastical architecture which contains so much information, so clearly expressed and so well illustrated, as the new manual of Herr Heinrich Otte.* It literally answers every leading question which one can put concerning the church edifices of Germany, whether of the earlier or later styles, and leaves nothing untouched that can indicate the origin, progress, meaning, and use of any part of these buildings. It initiates us into all the mysteries of arch and buttress, of crypt and vault, of nave, transept, choir, and chapels, of gallery, cloister, round windows, flat windows, and pointed windows, of solitary and of clustered shafts, of crochets and pinnacles, altars and altar-vessels, side niches, credence tables, sedilia, sacred vessels and sacred vestments, — gives, in fact, a complete picture of the Romanesque and the Gothic churches from foundation-stone to topmost tower. The form of separate questions with answers annexed, which the author has adopted, helps conciseness of demonstration, and relieves the reader. Eighty-eight well-executed plans and pictures exhibit to the eye the points discussed, and interpret the necessary technical terms. With this catechism in hand, one may criticise intelligently those evident absurdities which are perpetrated in this country under the name of Gothic structures, and may give a reason for his instinctive repugnance to such outrages on fitness and beauty. Mr. Otte's book, though not intended as a builder's guide, and dealing only with churches of former centuries, ought, nevertheless, to be translated for the benefit of those ambitious church committees who insist upon restoring the Mid-

* *Archäologischer Katechismus. Kurzer Unterricht in der kirchlichen Kunstarchäologie des deutschen Mittelalters. Bearbeitet von HEINRICH OTTE. Mit 88 eingedruckten Holzschnitten. Leipzig: T. D. Weigel. 1859. 8vo. pp. 106.*

dle Age, and repeating the cathedrals of Europe in their parochial sanctuaries of wood and plaster. It would make an appropriate textbook for the new Catholic Church which some would inaugurate.

EDUCATION.

If there is no royal road to learning, there certainly is none to teaching. Excellent and successful instructors of the languages there unquestionably were fifty years ago; and yet we can conceive of no more cunningly devised process for creating disgust at all learning, than the method of teaching described in the Life of Chief Justice Parsons as employed in his day; according to which a boy was compelled to commit to memory the whole of the grammar, besides a work on Greek Primitives, before he was allowed to use in translating a particle of the knowledge he had acquired. Probably no two teachers in our day agree, or would be equally successful, in precisely the same course of training; nor — as much depends on the peculiar wants of school and pupil, as well as the taste and preference of teacher — would any really good teacher pursue invariably the same course with every class. But none, surely, would advocate the method above described, or fail to recognize the vast improvements made of late years in the mode of teaching the ancient languages. We are, indeed, firm believers in the necessity of rigid drill and thorough “memorizing”; but we could never understand why intellectual food should be considered fit for the young mind only after all the juices had been carefully expressed.

To us it seems clear that a scholar will be interested in his studies very much in proportion as he is taught to use, and practically apply, the knowledge he gains, — as the Greek and Latin, generally so dead, are made in some sort living languages, over which he may, *from the first*, have some control. Not that we believe in using the language of Homer or Cicero to express the daily wants of modern life. We can see no advantage in a boy's learning to ask the price of corn, or tell the state of the tides, in idiomatic Greek or Latin; and hence we do not recommend the general use in our schools of certain works recently published on the plan of Ollendorff, as applied to the ancient languages.

We have no room to speak at length of the books of Arnold and his successors and imitators. They are in many respects admirable, and have done much to improve the standard of culture, and to make more pleasant the task of instruction. Many teachers will long continue to prefer them to all others. Harkness's Second Latin Book, especially, we are glad to mention in terms of almost unqualified approbation, as a work of rare excellence.

But, since we became acquainted with the very remarkable merits of Crosby's Greek Lessons, we have wondered that nothing of the kind was attempted for the Latin. No other course, so far as we know, is so successful in kindling enthusiasm, and promoting accurate scholarship. We therefore hailed with peculiar interest the announcement

of the works named below.* No one is safe in pronouncing decisively on the merits of a school-book till he has applied to it the practical test of the school-room. We are sorry to say that the first-named work does not bear this test. The general plan is good, but it bears marks of having been got up too hastily and carelessly. The work is ill-arranged, without sufficient regard to philosophical method or the natural development of the subjects treated; the examples are often poor; too many new words and new topics are crowded on the mind at once; the notes are not good; peculiar and idiomatic expressions are used in the very first lessons; the Vocabulary is very imperfect,—words are omitted, and the definitions are incomplete, and often different from the expressions used in the English sentences given to be turned into Latin, so as seriously to puzzle the scholar; typographical errors are by no means uncommon, and the references to the grammar are occasionally incorrect. On the whole, the book seems to have been prepared by some one who could have done much better if he had allowed himself more time; but as it is, we cannot give it high praise.

The work of Mr. Richards was published so lately that we can speak of it only from examination, and not experimentally. Of the author we have never heard before, but he is evidently a good scholar, as well as a teacher of ability and experience. We have carefully examined the book with special reference to the defects noted in the other work, and have found very much to praise, and nothing seriously to blame. It gives indications everywhere of careful thought and conscientious fidelity. Mr. Richards evidently made his book to use, as well as to sell. Among the features which seem to us specially worthy of commendation are a clear logical arrangement; systematic treatment of topics; a carefully devised plan for committing to memory the grammar; admirable notes; rules for the euphonic changes of consonants, and, based upon these, laws for the formation of the theme in the third declension, and of the second and third roots of verbs; the clear analysis of verbs, with mode, tense, and personal signs, and the special significance of the several terminations; a well-arranged Synopsis of Syntax; some excellent hints on English etymologies; and a Vocabulary, which, so far as we have examined it, is accurate, scholarly, and complete. We ought to add our thanks to the publishers and printers for the typographical execution of the work, which, for a school-book, is absolutely faultless. It is electrotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry. Teachers will differ in judgment as to the best mode of teaching Latin. But those who believe, as we thoroughly do, that a boy should not begin the study

* The New Liber Primus: a Practical Companion for the Latin Grammar, and Introduction to the Reading and Writing of Latin; on the Plan of Crosby's Greek Lessons. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. Cleveland, Ohio: Henry P. B. Jewett. 1859. 12mo. pp. 126.

Latin Lessons and Tables: combining the Analytic and Synthetic Methods; consisting of Selections from Cæsar's Commentaries, with a Complete System of Memorizing the Grammar, Notes, Exercises in Translating from English into Latin, Tables, and a Vocabulary. By CYRUS S. RICHARDS, A. M., Principal of Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1859. 12mo. pp. 129.

till he is at least thirteen years of age, and who are persuaded of the superior advantages of this method, can hardly fail to use this little book with exceeding satisfaction.

WE have examined, with great satisfaction, a Latin Lexicon recently published by Lippincott & Co.* Both in plan and execution it is excellent. A good *School Lexicon* is a rarity. In its preparation are needed skill and judgment, as well as sound scholarship; and few persons possessing those qualifications have been willing to employ them in such work. Occasionally, a "Vocabulary," at the end of an elementary text-book, is prepared with fidelity and accuracy, as in the excellent edition of Sallust edited by Messrs. Butler and Sturgis; but for the most part, the compilations put into the hands of the young student are miserable abortions. We regret to be obliged to name, as among the poorest of the class, the list of words, called a Vocabulary, in Felton's Greek Reader. No better, generally, have been the School Lexicons; and the result has been disgust, discouragement, and inferior scholarship.

The work we are noticing we are almost afraid to praise as highly as it seems to us to deserve. The authors say: "It has been the [our] aim to make it conform precisely to its title,—that of a *School Lexicon*. In executing this purpose, we have endeavored to keep in view the wants of students, rather than those of teachers and philologists, and to prepare a hand-book for daily use, rather than a work of reference for the scholar's library." They have certainly succeeded, and produced a work which no scholar need be ashamed to use, and which the teacher will find a most valuable aid. It claims to contain every word, and to explain "every passage peculiar or important lexicographically," used by "the prose-writers and poets who are universally acknowledged to be the first among the classic writers of Latin literature, and as the most important to be read in colleges and schools." We are not able to affirm that the claim is made good; but from what examination we have made, we hazard little in saying that a majority of young scholars, in reading the works of Cicero, Tacitus, or Horace, would use with more ease and profit this book, than the larger Lexicons of Leverett, or Andrews, or Freund. The advanced scholar must have the fullest and most complete works; but the inexperienced student is more often perplexed by the over-fulness, than helped by the exhaustive scholarship, of the great lexicons; just as an average boy of fifteen would find more to his purpose in Worcester's Academic Dictionary than in Richardson's Quarto.

The compilers of this Lexicon have shown admirable judgment, both in what they have omitted and in what they have included. Confining themselves to the Golden and Silver Ages of Roman literature, the

* A New Latin-English School-Lexicon, on the Basis of the Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. C. F. INGERSLEV. By G. R. CROOKS, D. D., late Adjunct-Professor of Ancient Languages in Dickinson College, and A. J. SCHEM, A. M., Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 982.

bulk of the work is materially diminished by the omission of very many words that are never met with in an ordinary Latin course. Instead of long quotations and references to authors, so confusing and useless to a young scholar, whatever is needed for illustration is given in the briefest possible form. And in general, the last *results* of ripe scholarship are imparted, while the processes and the minuter details are omitted.

On the other hand, the important subject of etymology is thoroughly treated, and the latest discoveries of comparative philology are in all cases noted. Another very important and valuable feature is the insertion of all names of any note in mythology, geography, and history. The scholar in his study, with the works of Smith at his side, is needlessly embarrassed by the presence of proper names in his general Lexicon. But the young student, who needs the information at every step, in reading such an author as Virgil or Ovid, cannot have three or four other books of reference on his desk; or, if they are there, it is at least an equal chance that he will not use them. We esteem it, therefore, essential, that a *school* lexicon contain all proper names; and in this department the work we are noticing is admirably complete, containing, in a very compact form, a great fund of information, both as to individuals and places, and including also adjectives derived from proper names, in alphabetical order.

It has seemed to us, also, that the arrangement of the several articles, both general and special, is remarkably clear and logical. The divisions and subdivisions are few, but very distinct, and arranged with great care to show the gradual development and changes of meaning. The typographical execution is excellent. The book is printed in double columns, with clear type and white paper. The leading significations are marked by heavy, broad-faced type, so that the eye catches at once the direct English equivalents of the Latin; and the other devices of the printer for designating the leading features of the articles are all that could be desired.

The authors of this work have done good service to the cause of letters, and deserve the thanks of all friends of sound classical culture.

BERNHARDY'S *Roman Literature** is one of that class of German books of reference which is designed for the use of scholars, and which aims, therefore, at absolute completeness, and as great compactness as is possible. Here we have in eight hundred pages everything which is known about Roman Literature, well arranged, briefly stated, and all supported by a list of references appalling to look at. At the lowest estimate, these references and citations occupy as much space in fine print as the text in coarse, and they are not placed at the foot of the page, but each paragraph of the body of the work is followed by two or three pages of these. One hundred and forty-five pages of introduction are devoted to the general characteristics of Roman Literature,

* *Grundriss der Römischen Litteratur*. Von G. BERNHARDY. Dritte Bearbeitung. Braunschweig: C. A. Schwetschke und Sohn. (M. Bruhn.) 8vo. pp. 814.

the character of the people, language, etc., and the method of the study. The history which follows is divided into two parts, Internal and External, the latter again into the history of Poetry and Prose. The External History contains the statistics of the subject, the growth of the different branches, Drama, Epic, History, Oratory, etc., and a special account of the individual writers; the Internal traces the development of the literature, its sources, and the causes that stimulated it. "If," says the author, "as is now more than ever acknowledged, a history of civilization is contained in the Literature, and this is exposed to the changing influences of society, how much more must this be the case in the literature of the Romans, who were the narrowest political association of antiquity!" The history written from this point of view — far most important except for mere reference — is therefore a sort of history of civilization, bringing prominently forward the eminent writers, not so much for the value of their own literary works in themselves, as for the influence they exerted on their age and those who came after them. This inner history is divided into the following periods: — Five centuries, containing merely the *elements* of literary culture or expression, such as we imagine to have been sung in the "Lays of Ancient Rome"; the first period of written literature, from the appearance of Livius Andronicus, B. C. 240, to the death of Augustus, A. D. 14, commonly called the *Golden Age*; the second, or *Silver Age*, comprising the century from the accession of Tiberius to that of Hadrian; the third, that of literary anarchy, which reaches to the "rule of plebeian Latin, about the Gothic time, and is indicated by the name of *Cassiodorus*, about A. D. 500"; and fourth, that of the Middle Ages. An Appendix, on the writers on Jurisprudence, and the Fathers of the Church, closes the volume.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. MR. CLARK'S History of Norton* bears marks of extensive research, great industry, and an enthusiastic devotion to minute antiquarian studies. It is a remarkable fact, that so large a volume has been made from so small a variety of material; that a town in no wise remarkable, socially, commercially, or politically, should offer so affluent a record. The positive story of Norton, certainly, might have been told in less than half the space here occupied. But it has been the purpose of Mr. Clark to gather all the facts, however unimportant, that might illustrate the character or the work of the town which he loves. Even the record of the Census of 1855, and the names of all the town officers for a century or more, will not seem superfluous, when one remembers the risks to which town records are exposed, and the fate which has befallen the public documents of more than one town in Bristol County. Perhaps the personal genealogies might have been somewhat abridged, and more abbreviations profitably used; yet the

* A History of the Town of Norton, Bristol County, Massachusetts, from 1669 to 1859. By GEORGE FABER CLARK. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 576.

numerous repetitions have the advantage of making the statement clearer. The subscribers cannot complain that they have less than they expected, or that anything which they would know about Norton has been omitted. Its streams, its ponds, its hills, its mills, its churches, schools, ministers, doctors, lawyers, college graduates, soldiers, old people, slaves, and rum-shops, all receive most ample attention. Fifteen portraits of distinguished citizens adorn the pages; and the liberality of the heirs of the immense Leonard property, in contributing *ten* dollars towards the engravings of their ancestors, is impartially mentioned. Mr. Clark is a just and fearless man, and leaves no one in doubt as to his own opinions.

A few instances of incorrect English, and some passages in doubtful taste, we have noted, as well as one or two mistakes of fact; but in the main, the work is well executed, and the plan is a good one. Mr. Clark judiciously refrains from stating all the circumstances which led to the formation of the Orthodox Society, and so entitles himself to the gratitude of more than one whom the full exposure of that case might seriously annoy. A novel feature of his plan is an "Index" at the beginning, instead of an Index at the end of the volume. We trust that the list of subscribers at the end does not include all who mean to buy the volume; and we cannot believe that the town of Norton will, for one who has labored for them so hard and so well, allow this task of love to become a pecuniary loss.

THE name of the translator of "*Ettore Fieramosca*"* is not given; but unless we had learned in the anonymous Preface that the author was a foreigner, we should never have suspected it. There is no need of an apology for such choice and idiomatic English, and only in two or three instances have we detected even slight inaccuracies. The present interest in Italian affairs makes the translation timely; yet we cannot see how the supplementary titles which have been appended to the original designation are borne out by the story itself. It does not tell the struggles of one or of many Italians "against foreign protectors," but rather their alliance with such protectors. There is nothing here to show that the Italians hated the Spaniards, or fought against them. Nor is "*Italy and France in the Sixteenth Century*" a proper heading for a book, no scene of which is laid in France, and which deals, moreover, with matters so local and special. D'Azeglio's own title is far more exact, and is quite sufficient for the purposes of art. The soundings additions excite hopes which the performance itself does not bear out, and which do great injustice to the plan itself of the author.

As a novel, *Ettore Fieramosca* has some merits, but many defects. It was the earliest work of its author, written before practice had matured his style, and it has long ago fallen into neglect in his own land. Though twice honored by a French translation, it is at least twenty years, we think, since the last French translation appeared. It is, as

* *Ettore Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Barletta. The Struggles of an Italian against Foreign Invaders and Foreign Protectors.* By MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

a work of art, far inferior to "Niccolo da Lapi," the translation of which into English appeared two or three years since. The merits of the book are its chaste diction, its graphic descriptions, especially of costumes and scenery, its high moral tone, and its glowing patriotism. The defects are looseness of plot, confusion of characters, lack of consistency in the treatment of the leading personages, distortion of historical facts, and incompleteness. The disposition which the author makes of his principal personages is very unsatisfactory. The Caesar Borgia who figures here, though no worse than the original, is yet not the Caesar Borgia of Italian history. The famous duel is made to have an end which is more flattering to the Italians than the verdict of the judges. We believe that it was pronounced by Bayard to be a drawn game, though D'Azeglio represents it as a complete Italian victory. The book may be read with pleasure, but cannot be received as an authority.

THE title of Mr. Henry's volume,* and the quiet humor of the frontispiece, which represents the blind author dictating his lucubrations to his son, prepares us to expect a half-satirical sketch of the contortions and frenzies of camp-meetings and revivals. We get, on the contrary, an earnest defence of such physical excesses, and an indignant answer to all who deprecate or doubt them. Mr. Henry believes in jerking devotion and in bodily spasm, as evidence of the Holy Spirit's presence. He finds in all the sacred narrative, from the birth of creation down to the prophecy of the New Jerusalem, in the story of Gog and Magog, Moses and the Prophets, Christ and the Apostles, — in the history of the Evangelical Church as well, — the abundant proof that noise and excitement accompany the experience of piety. Simeon in the temple, Bartimeus at Jericho, Peter on the sea, and the sisters at Bethany, are not less instances of his theory, than Miriam with her timbrel, Joshua with the rams' horns, and David before the ark. Of course, such a style of argument involves absurdity. Yet Mr. Henry's book is not altogether weak and nonsensical. There are in it a good many wise observations about men and things, and it abounds in humorous turns of phrase, and in shrewd hits at existing follies. Its imagery is singularly felicitous, and almost poetical. We feel, after having finished the volume, like yielding our common-sense to an argument which is urged so genially, and with so much enthusiasm. Sometimes this enthusiasm, we regret to say, leads Mr. Henry to false statements of the facts of Scripture. It is hardly allowable to represent the four thousand whom Jesus fed, "after a great three days' revival," as "*ten thousand*," which number is twice repeated,

* Shouting, Genuine and Spurious, in all Ages of the Church, from the Birth of Creation, when the Sons of God shouted for Joy, until the Shout of the Archangel: with numerous Extracts from the Works of Wesley, Evans, Edwards, Abbott, Cartwright, and Finley. Giving a History of the outward Demonstrations of the Spirit, such as Laughing, Screaming, Shouting, Leaping, Jerking, and Falling under the Power, &c. With extensive Comments, numerous Anecdotes, and Illustrations. By G. W. HENRY. Published by the Author, Oneida, N. Y. 1859. 12mo. pp. 435.

or to represent the crowd as transported to that "camp-meeting" in "wheelbarrows" and "all sorts of vehicles," or to say that Peter's basket is filled first, and he "takes a good bite himself" before he gives any to the hungry crowd. It is not exact, either, to say of the river Nile, that "its crystal waters were agitated by its finny inhabitants," since its waters are muddy, and its fish are few and sluggish.

Mr. Henry's mind is sometimes unduly exercised by the impiety of Universalists and Unitarians: and it is a charitable spirit which leads us to commend his book as amusing, if not sound.

JOHN CARSTEN HAUCH is a Danish scholar and poet, eminent in his own land in many walks, but little known either in England or France. He has been in turn Professor of Chemistry, Physics, and Zoölogy in the Academy of Soroe, of Scandinavian Literature in the University of Kiel, and of *Æsthetics* in the University of Copenhagen; and in all these departments has published works of standard excellence. Comedies, tragedies, epics, romances, as well as scientific essays without number, have proved the fertility of his indefatigable genius. His last important work is that which M. Soldi has just rendered into French, and which the title should make attractive to American readers.* It is a romance founded on the efforts of Robert Fulton to perfect his strange imagination of propelling vessels in the waves without the aid of wind or sails; of the struggles, sacrifices, and noble perseverance of this first martyr and afterward hero of modern practical science. In executing this task, he is more faithful to art than to history. If he has drawn character well, he has indulged in anachronism somewhat more than we should allow to the historical novel. Fulton was certainly the pupil of West, and the friend of Barlow. But we are not aware that he was patronized by Franklin, and there are some events which M. Hauch adds to his life which embellish more than they explain his character.

As a work of art, however, the romance of Robert Fulton is very interesting. The portraits are powerfully drawn, and illustrate the various features of American character. The scenery of Pennsylvania is described here by one who never saw it, as accurately as by Campbell in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*. The passionate fondness and jealousy of the beautiful quadroom shows that the Danish Professor has read more than one American anti-slavery novel. The Quaker Milburn indicates an accurate study of the peculiarities of the broad-brimmed sect, as much as the sturdy democrat Baxter proves a sympathetic study of American institutions. Indeed, it is hard to believe that a novel so thoroughly American in spirit, in description, in minute knowledge of men and opinions on this side of the ocean, could have been written by one who has never visited these shores, and has been pressed by the duties of a busy professorship. Mary Howitt would do good service to our

* Robert Fulton, *Roman Historique*, de C. HAUCH. Traduit pour la Première Fois en Français, par D. SOLDI. Avec une Notice historique, par ALBERT LE ROY. Paris: A. Taride. 1859. 12mo. pp. 402.

literature in adding to her translations of Miss Bremer's tales of domestic life, a translation of the novels of Hauch as spirited and faithful as this labor of M. Soldi. The romance of Robert Fulton may not be, as M. Foy calls it, "a hymn in prose," but it is certainly half a poem.

If there be one writer more than another in France who deserves the grateful recognition of an American Unitarian journal, it is that member of the French Institute who so perseveringly perils his reputation for orthodoxy and his standing with his brethren by his defence of Channing and his advocacy of liberal opinions. M. Laboulaye is nominally a Roman Catholic. Yet it is easy to see that his reason, his sympathies, and his resolution are all enlisted on the side of those opinions which our own body represents. He loses no occasion of setting forth our views in the most favorable light, and showing their foundation in common sense and conscience. Channing, indeed, he puts at the head of all writers of this century for insight of vital religion and for service to human thought, and says of him more even than our own brethren would be willing to say.

M. Laboulaye is a careful and thoughtful, rather than rapid writer, and has published only a few volumes, and those upon questions of historical politics and jurisprudence. His last volume, entitled "*Religious Liberty*,"* is a collection of a dozen or more of articles which he has from time to time contributed to the leading reviews. All of these bear upon the question suggested by the title of the book, and several of them directly discuss that question. The temper and tone of all are homogeneous, though the aspects of the discussion are various. The first article is an elaborate defence of the view of M. Jules Simon, advocating entire freedom of religious opinion in France, and justifying this historically as favorable to piety not less than progress. The second article, on "*Stahl and Bunsen*," is a plea for the separation of Church and State, for free investigation in Scripture and dogma, and for equal rights to all communions. The third article on, "*The Immaculate Conception*," is a careful and exhaustive proof that that doctrine is new, unfounded, needless, and pernicious,—that it has the leading Fathers against it, and no good argument in its favor. The fourth and fifth articles are devoted to Channing, who is the author's idol. In the sixth article, M. Laboulaye sets forth with a calm but genuine delight the contradictory opinions and uncertain position of the ancient Church, which are revealed in Bunsen's "*Hippolytus and his Age*." In the seventh article, on "*M. Renau and the Semitic Languages*," he opens the question of the unity of the race, and of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and hints some very heretical views. The eighth article, on "*Creuzer*," shows the resemblance of ancient Greek symbolism to that of modern Rome. Of the remaining articles, one shows the defects in Wiseman's *Fabiola*, another is directed against monastic institutions, another praises the heretic poet of Spain, Luis de Leon, another

* *La Liberté Religieuse*. Par EDOUARD LABOULAYE. Paris: Charpentier. 1859. 12mo. pp. 464.

shows how near Buddhism is to Christianity, another treats the "Woman Question," and another shows that history is an argument for liberty. We have said enough to exhibit the rich variety of this remarkable volume.

EVERYBODY in Paris knows Madame Louise Colet, her smooth verses, her obstinate temper, her lawsuits, her liberalism, and her intense passion for notoriety. Few female writers have outraged good taste more abominably, both in poetry and in prose; yet the writings of Madame Colet, whether dramas, novels, lyrics, epics, or epistles, are always readable, always spicy. Her last production, which has at once all the graces and all the faults of her piquant style, is a description of Holland,*—its life in village and city, its natural and social features, its treasures of industry and art. The pictures which she gives are as accurate as daguerreotypes, and as minutely finished as the works of the old Dutch school of painting. Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden, Harlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht, that inevitable hexagon of Dutch towns, all pass in review before us, and rapidly show all that they have of quaintness, worth, or wealth. Madame Colet's fancy will not rest with merely reporting what she sees, with sketching costumes and criticising museums and churches. She is constrained to join pleasing fiction to her veracious narrative. *Apropos* of Rotterdam, she tells a story of two young maidens, who, after waiting and pining fifteen years for their respective lovers to return from India, found at the end of that period that their choice was mistaken, and adjusted it by *changing lovers*. *Apropos* of Leyden, we have the tragi-comical history of a scientific couple,—the husband a lover of shells, and the wife a devotee of insects,—their spoiled, heartless, and magnificent daughter, with her pair of desperate admirers, the best of whom goes to Japan to get for her father a famous shell, comes back, finds her false, and kills himself, while his rival marries her. These stories are wrought up with some skill, but have improbable features.

Some errors we have noticed, though fewer than we might expect from so dashing a writer. It is not correct to speak of "*two* Descents from the Cross" in the Antwerp Cathedral. One of the pictures is "The Elevation of the Cross." The Museum at Leyden is very grand and complete, but it is by no means "the finest in the world." It is far inferior to the British Museum, and is more than equalled in many departments by the museums of Berlin, Dresden, Turin, Naples, and Paris. The tower of Utrecht is set down as "969-metres" in height. So gross a blunder must belong to the printer. And the trees in the famous eight-rowed avenue, "oaks, pines, and plane-trees," as she calls them in her sentimental stanza, happen to be *lime-trees*. In her descriptions of dress and faces, Madame Colet is never at fault. One glance shows her every color and fold, every line and expression.

A rapid visit to the Prussian cities of Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle gracefully finishes an entertaining book.

* Promenade en Hollande. Par MADAME LOUISE COLET. Paris: Hachette. 1859. 12mo. pp. 274.

AN eccentric friend of former days reappears to us under a new title and costume.* To the last generation of newspaper readers the name of "Major Jack Downing" was at least as familiar as any other on the public stage. It is certainly a proof of real merit of some kind, that a series of papers like these, originally wholly local in their character, ridiculing the small quarrels of provincial politics, should have outlived their "thirty years," and find fresh readers now.

It was, perhaps, a hazardous experiment, but it was a successful one, to transfer the rustic Major from the field of state, to that of national politics, and make him the right-hand man of Old Hickory himself. Great liberties are no doubt taken in this part of the work with General Jackson's name, and he is often placed in a supremely ludicrous light. But after all, it may be questioned whether he is treated more unfairly in these good-humored caricatures than hundreds of the eminent men of history are in the so-called historical novels. Whether the author did wisely to enlarge his plan further, and continue his hero's activity through the times that followed, may admit of doubt.

UNDER a whimsical and rather questionable name,† we have a reprint — with omissions, alterations, and additions, to bring it up to the times, and adapt it to American readers — of a work as old as 1836. The quaint title indicates a quaint volume. And such it is; — a collection of scraps, a decantation of the multifarious contents of a commonplace-book, to be glanced at and taken in homœopathic doses. It is instructive and suggestive, — well done, for a thing of its kind. It has wisdom, wittily worded; paradoxes, to breed thought; half-satirical assertions, and sharp antitheses, to provoke a smile, or to start reflection; together with the profound or humorous or imaginative sayings of noted authors, with running comments thereon. Taking no very high place in literature, even the soberest and solidest of readers may find it worth dipping into now and then. It is daintily printed, and arranged in a way to make it very easy reading, — a serviceable text-book for random conversation.

JOURNALS AND REVIEWS.

THE promise of the first volume of the great French Review, which we noticed in our issue for May, is fully met by the ability and interest of the succeeding volumes. The volume for May and June,‡ the last which has come to our hand at the time of writing this notice, has never, in our judgment, been surpassed for the variety and excellence of its contributions. Chief among these we place the article of M. Charles de Masade, on the Italian Question, which for good sense, accurate insight, and clear statement is superior to anything which has

* *My Thirty Years out of the United States Senate.*

† *The Tin Trumpet*; or, *Heads and Tales for the Wise and Waggish.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ *Revue des Deux Mondes.* XXIX^e Année, 2^{me} Periode. Tom. XXI. 4 Livraisons. Mai — Juin, 1859. Paris. 8vo. pp. 1008.

appeared in the English reviews. The sketch of Victor Amedée, which precedes the article, is an appropriate companion-piece. The summaries of M. Forcade, in the "fortnightly political chronicles," are admirable in their way, but rather more occupied with military details than we might wish. The courage of both these writers is as remarkable as their force of thought.

Next to these political articles, we mention the papers of M. Alfred Maury on the "First Ages of our Planet." The first of these papers treats of the "*formation* of the nucleus" of the earth, the second of the origin of animal and organized life. The reasoning of these papers is acute, and their candor above all praise. M. Maury has as little patience with those who wrest the letter of Scripture into an agreement with geological facts, as with those who reject geology because it differs from Genesis. He discards the Scriptures wholly in the matter of scientific inquiry, accepting its word only as a moral and religious authority. He allows, too, that the human race may have sprung from many pairs, without impairing its essential unity. The fault of the articles is the lack of positive theory. They are critical rather than constructive. This fault may, perhaps, be remedied in some future issue.

M. Émile Montégut gives us, in the present volume, two more of his brilliant articles on English Literature, taking as a text for the first, Guy Livingstone, which he calls "un roman de la vie mondaine," — and for the second, Adam Bede, "le roman réaliste." It is safe to say that no English reviewer of these books has given so exquisite an analysis of their spirit as M. Montégut. The one book is to him the product of the latent animal ferocity which survives in the English heart, even when most disciplined by birth and culture; the other book is the sign of the intensely practical and truthful sense of the English nation, even in its imagination and sentiment. The articles are full of shrewd aphorisms.

Two articles, by M. E. D. Forgues, reviewing the "Campaigns of Major Hodsdon," and "The Flight and Adventures of Judge Edwards," not only contain a spirited description of the exploits of those heroic men, but also an impartial estimate of the causes which led to the Indian mutiny. Their tone is candid and just, and free from that spite which vitiates French judgments of English military achievements. The same candor also appears in the Count de Jarnac's review of Grace Dalrymple's "Recollections of the Revolution."

The historical articles in the present volume are a splendid monograph upon Odoacer, the Gothic ruler of Italy in the fifth century, by Amedée Thierry, and a paper by M. Cousin (the first of a series) on "The Fronde at Bourdeaux," as dignified, calm, and impartial as Cousin's statements always are. M. Albert de Broglie has a discriminating sketch of the political discussions before and after the Revolution of '48, especially as they were influenced by the writings of Armand Carrel, whom he praises as fully as prudence will permit. The views of the article upon universal suffrage are especially noteworthy. More free and enthusiastic is M. Louis de Loménie's tribute to Alexis de

Tocqueville, in which personal friendship is added to sympathy of opinion. Saint René Taillandier vindicates Kleist, that one of the modern German poets who has been most neglected and abused by the critics in his own country. His verdict is that which Tieck pronounced after the suicide of the unfortunate poet.

Besides the solid articles about the Italian war, of which we have already spoken, there are several other Italian papers of a lighter kind in this volume. M. Brissot has a very instructive account of the "contemporary poetry" of Italy, in the "formist" and "colorist" schools, giving the names of some poets not generally known. The story of Pichichia, by M. Metz-Noblat, opens to us in an attractive manner the life of the poorer class in the neighborhood of Florence; and the Countess Belgiojoso has exposed, in the tale of "Rachel," the tyranny of Austrian rule in Lombardy, while she has exhibited in a masterly manner the characteristics of farming life in that province. M. Yemen, the Consul of France in Greece, has added to his former sketch of "Photos Tsavellas" an equally graphic sketch of "Marco Bozzaris," bringing before us, with a true artistic power, the whole scenery and story of that famous Suliote mountain fastness.

The article of the volume, however, which will have most interest to readers on this side of the ocean, is one by M. A. Langel, on "Education in America." Taking as his text the Catalogue of Harvard College, the Annual School Report of Boston, the United States Hydrographical Survey, and the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, he has condensed, on the whole, a correct statement of our educational system. He agrees to our own boast, that the common schools of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, are the best in the world, and he shows the superiority of the Massachusetts system to that of New York. Harvard College is allowed the first rank among literary institutions in this land. The article is in three parts, the first treating of the system of Free Common Schools; the second, of Academies and Colleges; and the third, of Lyceums and Literary Societies. Some mistakes are made, of course, but much fewer than we might expect. It is not true that *all* native-born Americans know how to read, or that the American colleges take care of themselves, without any aid from the State, or that in most American churches slavery is advocated and defended from the pulpit. We shall hardly agree, either, that, while the "Theological School has only a very inferior place in Harvard University," "it holds the most important place in a great number of American universities." We believe that Harvard and Yale are the only "universities" that have a theological school. It is pleasant to learn from this writer, that the volumes of Longfellow, and the sermons of Theodore Parker, circulating by thousands, diffuse "among all classes of the nation a taste for what is high and noble."

We have the second number of Bentley's (London) Quarterly, — the number for July, which was in fact published so late as to include a postscript on the great battle of Solferino (June 24). This new Quarterly does not define its position in any special manifesto, but

courts, as far as appears, approval for its special freshness of topics, attempting to come nearer the contemporary line of the newspapers than the Quarterlies are apt to. Thus, we have had in each number political essays, quite up to the date of the last harlequin change of the select circle of gentlemen who govern England;—in each, a “contemporary” Fine-Art article, one of which describes pictures even yet on exhibition in London;—and in each, a geographical and strategical view of the war in Italy. This freshness is a great merit. In this case, however, it has only been attained by such a sacrifice, we will not say simply of dignity, but even of the proprieties of language and of courtesy, which we hardly pardon in a *Little Pedlington Gazette*, and are not often asked to pardon in a *Quarterly Review*. There is an amusing article on popular preaching, discussing together Mr. Spurgeon and Messrs. Bellew and West of the Establishment, names which have not, to our knowledge, crossed the Atlantic before. The tone of the *Review* seems to be, what perhaps is the feeling in the majority of English Christendom, that all preaching “is a bore.” It is curious to see our newly raised question of Ritual *vs.* Sermon discussed from this point of view. By some fatal law, every *Quarterly Review* has “to do Horace Walpole” once in five years, as a sort of “Andover test,”—and German philosophy twice as often. The new journal does not escape, — but has done its devoir there as it received its knighthood, and so far has its docket cleared.

WHOEVER pretends to study the new Italian and Pontifical questions must read the article in the July *Dublin Review*, on the Government of the Papal States. Half the number — more space than we have at our disposal in any single issue — is devoted to the subject, which is treated from a high Romanist point of view. Almost every reader will be startled at the results. Considering what the Holy See has had to encounter, the wonder is that its temporal dominion should have endured a thousand years. We have seen, in our own day, how its soil has been occupied against its own will by the troops of powerful states, and how its subjects have been seduced by insidious intrigues. No other government could have endured so much, and have ruled so wisely and so well. Its laws and institutions are in many respects vastly superior to our own; and to sum up, all the charges against Rome really render themselves into this, that it is the government of the Pope, and they all originate in hatred of the Papacy, as the head of the Catholic Church.

THE *Methodist Quarterly* wins respect, or commands it, by its manly breadth of tone, and its eagerness to look for good rather than suspect evil. Without so wide a range of topics as we aim at ourselves, it examines generously the topics to which it does attend, — and we do not catch that whine of intolerance, which seems inseparable from theologies narrower than that of the great Methodist communion. In the July number, an article on Mr. Ellis’s *History of Unitarianism*, first published in these pages, shows that readiness to sympathize, that

frankness in conceding something in discussion, and that hopefulness for the future, which we ought to find always, and do find seldom, in a religious Review.

THE July number of the National Review contains two theological articles conceived in the same liberal and hopeful spirit, and marked by the same philosophic tone and thorough acquaintance with the ground which have always distinguished the theological department of this journal. The first, entitled "The Apostolic Age," is a review of Ewald's *Geschichte des Apostolischen Zeitalters*, pointing out some of the inconsistencies, while heartily acknowledging the extraordinary merits, of that great theologian. The writer's own views of the early Church are interesting and striking, though sometimes questionable. We cannot agree with him in regarding the Ebionites as a product of Essenism. His parallel between Philo and St. Paul is admirable, and the influence of the faith of the first Christians in the living presence of Christ, as the chief agent in the moral revolution accomplished by them, we have never seen so ably stated before.

The other article — "Revelation, what it is not and what it is" — is more subtle than satisfying, although we cordially agree in the conclusion, that the truth of Christianity to the Jew was the revelation of the Absolute Will in the perfect finite will, and its truth to the Greek the revelation of a perfect human nature. The best thing in it is the demonstration of the hollowness and futility of Mansel's *Limits of Religious Thought*, a work whose specious confessionism but poorly disguises its latent atheism. The writer ascribes great merit to F. D. Maurice, whose recent publication (*What is Revelation?*) he reviews, but finds him deficient in Biblical criticism. And yet, "Mr. Maurice is as deeply persuaded as we are, that the fullest and freest criticism will work out the happiest issues. For ourselves, we feel little doubt that such criticism will show a large admixture of untrustworthy elements in the narrative of both Old and New Testaments; and that, if it prove so, the mere emancipation of the intellect from what seems a purely literary superstition as to the truth of the Bible narratives, will probably bring far more gain to the spiritual freedom of man, and do far more to direct attention to the spiritual evidences of all divine truth, than any other result could educe. We believe Bibliolatry has been, and is likely long to be, the bane of Protestant Christianity."

This same number has an excellent paper on Milton.

PAMPHLETS.

OCCASIONAL sermons, whose opportuneness in the delivery elicits a request for publication, do not always justify in print the impression made on the hearers. Dr. Osgood's discourse* on "The House of Many Mansions" presents a striking exception to this remark. It pos-

* The House of Many Mansions. A Sermon preached on Sunday, June 5th, in the Church of the Messiah, by Samuel Osgood, D. D. Published by Vote of the Hearers. New York. 1859.

sesses a value beyond the occasional interest which suggested its composition, and beyond the momentary effect which suggested its publication. The sermon is an exposition of the author's views of the life to come. As a theory of that life it is wise and humane, and combines in a remarkable degree philosophic insight with Christian feeling. While it breathes the evangelical spirit which usually characterizes Dr. Osgood's writings, it is untrammelled, liberal, and hopeful. There are passages in it of great beauty, and the whole is pervaded by a tenderness and pathos which explains the charm it seems to have exercised on the congregation who listened to it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister, with some Account of his Early Life and Education for the Ministry; contained in a Letter from him to the Members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston. Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr. 8vo. pp. 182. (See p. 282.)

Ishmael; or, A Natural History of Islamism, and its Relation to Christianity. By the Rev. Dr. J. Muehleisen Arnold. London: Rivingtons. 8vo. pp. 524. (To be noticed.)

The Immortality of the Soul and the Final Condition of the Wicked carefully considered. By Robert W. Landis. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 518.

The Sheepfold and the Common; or, Within and Without. London and New York: Blackie & Son. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 592, 583. (Consisting of Narratives and Conversations, in Illustration of Evangelical Views of Religion.)

Here and Beyond; or, The New Man the True Man. By Hugh Smith Carpenter. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 345. (A volume of some merit in rhetoric and fancy, and one which will be attractive and valuable to the younger class of serious readers. Its religious spirit seems wholly earnest and practical.)

A Commentary, Explanatory, Doctrinal, and Practical, on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By R. E. Pattison, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 244.

ESSAYS, ETC.

Observations on the Growth of the Mind. By Sampson Reed. Fifth Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 99. (To be reviewed.)

The Roman Question. By E. About. Translated from the French by H. C. Coape. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 219.

Lectures for the People. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. First Series, with a Biographical Introduction, by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 12mo. pp. 414.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The China Mission; embracing a History of the various Missions of all Denominations among the Chinese; with Biographical Sketches of Deceased Missionaries. By William Dean, D.D. (Twenty Years a Missionary to China). New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 396.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with

the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VIII. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 379.

The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the Light of Republican Institutions. By John S. C. Abbott. With One Hundred Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 439.

Shelley Memorials: from Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady Shelley. To which is added an Essay on Christianity, by Percy Bysshe Shelley: now first printed. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 308. (See p. 289.)

The Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians. By Charles Rollin. Abridged by Wm. H. Wyckoff, LL.D. 1 vol. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 550.

The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D. With Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events. By his Son, Thomas Percival Bunting. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 389. (A detailed Biography of an eminent English Methodist preacher. A portrait is promised with the second volume.)

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism, considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relations to British and American Protestantism. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. Vol. II. From the Death of Whitefield to the Death of Wesley. New York: Carleton & Porter. 8vo. pp. 520.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Tent and Harem: Notes of an Oriental Trip. By Caroline Paine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 300.

Life and Liberty in America: or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By Charles Mackay. With Ten Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 413.

Notes of a Clerical Furlough spent chiefly in the Holy Land. With a Sketch of the Voyage out in the Yacht "St. Ursula." By Robert Buchanan, D.D. London and New York: Blackie & Son. 12mo. pp. 437.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Kendridge Hall and other Poems. By Leander Clark. Washington: Franklin Philp. 12mo. pp. 113.

Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 227. (To be noticed.)

The Three Eras of Woman's Life. A Novel. By Elizabeth Elton Smith. Boston: T. & H. P. Burnham. 12mo. pp. 322.

Anne of Geierstein; The Betrothed; Count Robert of Paris; Fair Maid of Perth; St. Ronan's Well; The Talisman; Peveril of the Peak; The Black Dwarf. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. (Paper; "cheap edition.")

Walter Thornley; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Prescott," &c. 12mo. pp. 486.

Ettore Fieramosca; or, The Challenge of Barletta. The Struggles of an Italian against Foreign Invaders and Foreign Protectors. By Massimo D'Aze-glio. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 356. (See p. 300.)

Gerald Fitzgerald, the Chevalier. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 150. (Paper.)

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

IN Art. IV. the oversight is committed of speaking of Dr. Leonard's predecessor as an unmarried man, — inaccurately so stated. — Again, Dr. Lamson's close relation to the Dublin case, and the importance of his testimony, is less precisely described in the text than it would be by designating him as an expert on the whole subject of ecclesiastical history.